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From *Bell's Messenger* of 10 August, before hearing of the bombardment of Tangier.

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS AS TO WAR OR PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

As nothing can be more important than this subject, involving as it does the question whether the present peace shall continue, or whether that general war shall be renewed which for twenty years devastated Europe, we shall proceed to examine the point with that gravity which its real magnitude requires, and we trust with that temper and sobriety which become the character of our paper. In the first place we have employed the terms, the renewal of a general war, because in the present state of Europe any interruption of peace must lead to the renewal of war amongst all European nations. The French government, or rather the people, are rendered so sore by past recollections and past humiliations, that war will no sooner be commenced, than the French armies will march into Belgium; Prussia will take the alarm, and the war will hence infallibly extend into the Rhenish provinces now occupied by that power. The certain success of France on the first onset would justly excite the apprehensions of Austria, and thus the war would spread through Europe. Such would be the certain and immediate effect of any war between England and France. It becomes, therefore, a point of the first interest to examine the existing probability of such an interruption of the general peace of Europe, as is at present threatened by the critical affairs of Morocco, and by the recent outrages of the French governor in Otaheite. But that we may not seem to give any undue importance to an affair which we really regard to involve very little peril, we shall summarily observe, before entering upon the inquiry, that the affair of Morocco only is the critical part of the question. As regards Otaheite, the single point is to procure an apology for the arrest of Mr. Pritchard, who, at the

period of the outrage complained of, had divested himself of his official character as English consul, and was simply a private British subject. Now, separating this from the Morocco question, no reasonable doubt can exist but that the French government would give us a like satisfaction, which they so freely gave in the previous case of Dupetit Thouars. The affair of Morocco, therefore, is the main point of inquiry.

This part of the question distributes itself into two heads; first, the right and policy of the British government to make this a question of peace or war; and secondly, assuming that this right and policy exist, whether the present circumstances are such as to render it probable that our government will be called upon to act on them.

Now, the right in question is founded upon the general principle which has been long acted upon in European diplomacy, but which was more distinctly recognized, first, in the general treaty of Vienna in 1815; and secondly, by Lord Palmerston and the Whig government in the more recent settlement of the affairs of Turkey and Syria. The principle is briefly this:—that all independent nations shall be considered to be now and at all times the legitimate possessors of their actual territories, and shall hereafter hold them, not only upon the right of private proprietors, but under the general settlement of the commonwealth of Europe, and under a guarantee that the rights of each shall be protected and supported by the power of all. That wars, indeed, between any two powers, upon partial and incidental disputes, may arise and must be allowed; that the victorious party may in such case take compensation for the injury alleged, and demand due satisfaction for the costs incurred; but still not to such an extent, as either to extinguish an independent nation, or endanger the established balance of power in the general European settlement. We have stated this principle and its limitation so fully, and we trust so

exactly, as to render it needless to explain the basis upon which it rests,—that of maintaining such a balance of power, as may secure every member of the commonwealth of states from any danger of the aggrandizement of any one nation in particular. Its further utility consists in the general recognition of the like legitimacy as to the property of nations and the estates of private proprietors; thus laying down an obvious principle of natural justice, and denouncing in their very origin all wars of ambition and conquest.

As to the particular application of this principle to England and France with respect to Morocco, it is evident that the possession by France of the whole coast of the Mediterranean, and the conquest of the empire of Morocco, would endanger the trade of England in that sea, and would bring France, with a perilous accession of power, into a commanding relation over Egypt. It would entail on us the cost of a perpetual fleet of great force in the Mediterranean, and would eventually bring the Italian provinces into great peril. It is thus obvious that we have a clear interest and policy to prevent this conquest,—we do not say, at the cost of war, but certainly at the cost of every effort which our diplomacy can exercise.

The second point of the question is: What is the actual state of the present circumstances? Are they such as to warrant any serious apprehensions that they will issue in war?

Now, by a careful comparison of the intelligence received up to the present time, it appears that the Emperor of Morocco had suddenly and hastily quitted his capital, Fez, and proceeded to a remote part of his dominions. His Majesty found that nearly the whole body of his people had become resolved upon what they call a "holy war," and that, whatever his own inclination might be, he would find it nearly impossible to resist the general impulse. Having been informed that Mr. Drummond Hay, the British consul at Tangier, was on his road on a purpose of mediation, and with an express commission from the British government, his Majesty commanded that he should follow him. During this journey, and during the progress of Mr. Drummond Hay towards the emperor, viz., on the 23d of July, the Prince de Joinville, the French admiral, arrived in the Bay of Tangier. He was immediately visited by one of the ministers, from the emperor, with a message left for him by his Majesty in person. The prince declared this message to be unsatisfactory, and returned an answer with the French *ultimatum*, accompanied with a peremptory declaration that he should seize Tangier, and that the French marshal and army would march to Fez, unless these terms were accepted by the 2d of August. It appears, also, that the prince himself entertained so little expectation that the emperor would agree to these terms, that he withdrew the French consul, and so great was the consequent panic in Tangier, that all the European inhabitants were betaking themselves to flight in the ships in the harbor.

"The prince," says an account before us, "was compelled to resort to a device to accomplish the escape of the French consul, it being the policy of these barbarous powers to seize the persons of consuls as hostages. He invited the consul, his secretary, and others, on board his ship as guests to a *fête*, and immediately afterwards sent a message to the governor of Tangier, that, in the case of any violence against the Europeans, he should instantly bombard the town. Vessels of all kinds have been since taking over to Gibraltar Christian and Jewish families, who embarked in the utmost consternation, many leaving behind property of considerable value. Our consul general in Morocco, Mr. Hay, has not yet arrived, and it is pretty certain, that, unless his efforts with the emperor are successful in inducing the latter to agree to the proposals of the French government, steps will be taken which must be very embarrassing to our government. Not a Christian now remains in

Tangier, and no Jew who could come away has risked staying behind to be exposed to all the horrors of the Bedouin troops—horrors they apprehend more than the French shells."

It appears, by subsequent accounts, that Mr. Drummond Hay had seen the emperor, and was within two days of Tangier. It was doubtful what message he brought, but as the French *ultimatum* had been sent off to the emperor in his absence, it was feared that he could bring nothing satisfactory.

As regards the affairs of Otaheite, we have already above stated that the only feature in this case is the extraordinary folly of the French governor and his party in that island; and that the single point which regards ourselves is to procure a due apology for the arrest of Mr. Pritchard, which we entertain no doubt will be immediately given. The only difficulty in the matter is that it has now become mixed up with the affairs of Morocco, and that the two points will thus go together. This will, probably, occasion some delay in the satisfactory settlement; but as Otaheite itself is of less value and importance than the Isle of Man, and in no way whatever connected with British interests of any worth, it is most absurd to apprehend that either of the two governments would involve themselves in war for such an object. The whole matter thus comes to this, that the amicable settlement of the Morocco affair will include that of Otaheite; and as we entertain but little fear that the one point will be pacifically arranged, we have little apprehension as respects the other. At the present age of the French king, and with the certain perils and difficulties which his heir will have to encounter upon his accession, it is incredible that a sovereign of such prudence and experience should involve himself in a war for such objects with a powerful government like that of Great Britain.

It is true indeed that there exists a very strong war party both in the Chambers and amongst the people of France. It is true, also, that Count Mole, one of the leaders of the conservative party in France, has unaccountably fallen into this popular spirit. But, happily for the cause of general peace, though unfortunately for the character of this eminent man himself, the Sir Robert Peel of France, this is merely one of those changes of politics, into which men are led by the violence of party, and for party objects and opposition only. In order to displace M. Guizot, Count Mole has long been laboring to form a coalition with all the adverse parties. But this peculiar difficulty of the French king and government has also been foreseen and well considered by Sir R. Peel. In one of his recent speeches upon the affairs of Otaheite, "I very much lament," said Sir Robert, "these untoward events in Otaheite, but upon no other ground do I so much lament them, as upon that of their affording a fresh opportunity for the efforts of the war party which unhappily exists in France. Considering the former conduct of the French government as regarded the affair of Dupetit Thouars in this same island, and considering, also, that the recent excesses of the French officers in Otaheite must have occurred before the receipt of the new instructions sent out from France, I entertain the strongest confidence that all due satisfaction will be given for any unauthorized violence committed on a British subject."

Now, having this assurance from no less authority than Sir R. Peel himself, is it reasonable to entertain any apprehension upon the affair of Otaheite? We repeat, therefore, in conclusion, that everything depends upon the settlement of the affairs of Morocco; and at the time we are writing we think we may also add, that it is the prevalent opinion of all those who are best informed upon the subject, that here also the British government will receive all that reasonable satisfaction which they are entitled to require. It is our own opinion that the two powers, France and Morocco, will be forced into war; but it is also our opinion that the King of France and his government will give such explicit assurances that no conquest is meditated, and that no annexation will be made, as our own government, upon its part, making due allowances for the necessity and exigency of the case, will deem it expedient to accept; and that thus no war between France and England will break out upon this object.

From the Monthly Review.

Lectures on Electricity, comprising Galvanism, Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto- and Thermo-Electricity. By HENRY NOAD, Author of "Lectures on Chemistry," &c. George Knight and Sons.

"THERE is perhaps no branch of experimental philosophy which is received by persons of all ages with greater pleasure than Electricity. The reasons are obvious. It is the science susceptible of the most familiar demonstration, and its phenomena, from the striking and ocular manner in which they are presented, are calculated to arrest the attention, and become fixed on the mind more powerfully than those of any other science. To this may be added its connection with the most sublime and awful of the agencies of nature; its secret and hidden influence in promoting at one time the decomposition of bodies, and at another time their reformation; at one time, in its current form causing the elements of water to separate, and exhibiting them in the form of gases; and at another time in its condensed form causing these same gases to reunite, and become again identified with water; now in its current form exhibiting the most wonderful, and sometimes terrible effects on the muscles and limbs of dead animals, and now in its condensed form moving with a velocity that is beyond conception through the living body, and communicating a shock through fifty or a thousand persons at the same instant; now exhibiting its mighty powers in the thunder storm, and now working slowly and quietly in the development of beautiful crystals. With such varied subjects for contemplation and admiration, it is no wonder if electricity should be a favorite and fascinating study."

Such is the opening paragraph of Mr. Noad's "new and greatly enlarged edition" of his *Lectures on Electricity*, which are designed to give a popular account of the present state of the sciences on which they treat, and to show their connexion with each other. The progress of this department of science, and the recent applications of it to useful purposes, has been astonishingly great. The number of facts, indeed, which are constantly accumulating within its range, is so vast and valuable, as to render it almost impossible to keep pace with the progress by any series of editions! for even while the present work was going through the press, several important contributions to its study appeared, which the author has been obliged to throw into an Appendix, these having come at too late an hour to occupy their proper places in the work itself. In respect of rapidity of progress, electricity bears a striking resemblance to chemistry, a science in which what is new to-day may be superseded by some discovery to-morrow. We may instance amongst the latest and most important, applications of electricity to telegraphic purposes on our railroads; while, as regards the practicability of employing

electro-magnetism as a moving power, a field is offered for the most interesting speculation and beautiful experiment. Mr. Noad cites the remarks of the editor of the *Engineer's Magazine* on this subject, and we copy out the greater portion of the passage.

Should it (electro-magnetism) ever lead to the results anticipated from it as a prime mover, there are many advantages which it will possess over steam. The clash, din, and concussion occasioned by steam-engine machinery—the dread of explosions—and the smoke, dust, and danger of fire, would all be got rid of. The only noise in an electro-magnetic locomotive, or boat, would be that of the wheels, and the batteries could be charged in such a manner as to avoid all disagreeable smell. But even if the method of exciting them should be such as to produce hydrogen gas, this, instead of being permitted to escape and annoy passengers, could be collected and rendered available as a means of producing light and heat when required. So far, however, as light is concerned, it could be obtained otherwise, at no additional expense; for a piece of charcoal being interposed at a small breach in the wires connected with the batteries, would, by its ignition, afford the most intense and brilliant light imaginable, and furnish the means also of communicating signals to an immense distance. We are inclined, however, to think that the application of this new prime mover to navigation, particularly on the ocean, holds out better hopes of success than its application to locomotives on the land. Iron vessels have now been proved well adapted for duty at sea: and since that metal and salt water constitute two important elements of the voltaic battery, may not some means of introducing a *third* element be suggested, so that a great part, if not the whole of the surface of the ship, may be called into action for the purpose of furthering her progress; thus making the ocean so far her propeller as well as support, while her own body also performed two important offices? Much less weight would also require to be carried by an electro-magnetic boat, than by a steamer, and she could therefore undertake much longer voyages.

Mr. Noad's lectures, which profess merely to be a compilation of a series of topics that embrace those points of electrical science most interesting to the general reader, may be recommended warmly as a judicious selection, and as handled with all the clearness and ease of which the subjects and the occasion are susceptible. Although properly a compilation, it yet presents such a gathering and disposal of facts, and such a pertinency of observation, as no one but a master of the science, so far as it has hitherto been carried, could have produced. A happy combination seems to take place throughout of the amusing and the instructive, of the satisfying and of the stimulating to study. We look upon the volume to be an excellent elementary book. A few paragraphs, and such as do not require any of the wood cuts—nearly three hundred in number—for illustration will be acceptable, at the same time affording both samples of the work, and inducements to become acquainted with the discoveries of philosophers in

this grand and glorious region of scientific inquiry.

It appears that, according to Wheatstone's experiments, electricity travels at the enormous velocity of 576,000 miles in a second. A note about this velocity, and also relating to the motion of light, which is similarly rapid, shall be cited in order to exalt, if possible, the conceptions, and to point attention to the marvels with which the material world teems.

Light is about eight minutes thirteen seconds in passing from the sun to the earth, so that it may be considered as moving at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two miles in a second, performing the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eye-lids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride. . . . Such is the velocity of light, that a flash of it from the sun would be seen in little more than eight minutes after its emission; whereas the sound evolved at the same time (supposing a medium like air capable of conveying sound between the sun and earth) would not reach us in less than fourteen years and thirty-seven days; and a cannon ball proceeding with its greatest speed, in not less than twenty years. The velocity of electricity is so great, that the most rapid motion that can be produced by art, appears to be actual rest when compared with it. A wheel revolving with a rapidity sufficient to render its spokes invisible, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose; because however rapid the rotation may be, the light has come and already ceased before the wheel has had time to turn through a sensible space: the following beautiful experiment was made by Wheatstone:—A circular piece of pasteboard was divided into three sections, one of which was painted blue, another yellow and a third red; on causing the disc to revolve rapidly, it appeared white, because a sunbeam consists of a mixture of these colors, and the rapidity of the motion caused the distinction of colors to be lost to the eye: but the instant the pasteboard was illuminated by the electric spark, it seemed to stand still, and each color was as distinct as if the disc were at rest.

By a beautiful application of this principle, Wheatstone contrived an apparatus by which he has demonstrated that the light of the electric discharges does not last the millionth part of a second of time. His plan was to view the image of a spark reflected from a plane mirror, which, by means of a train of wheels, was kept in rapid rotation on a horizontal axis. The number of revolutions performed by the mirror was ascertained by means of the sound of a siren connected with it, and still more successfully by that of an arm striking against a card, to be 800 in a second. The angular motion of the image being twice as great as that of the mirror, it was easy to compute the interval of time occupied by the light during its appearance in two successive points of its apparent path; when thus viewed, it was ascertained that the image passed over half a degree (an angle, which being equal to about an inch seen at the distance of ten feet, is easily detected by the eye) in 1,152,000th part of a second. The result of these experiments, as regarded the deviation of the spark, was, that it did not occupy

even this minute portion of time: but when the electric discharge of a battery was made to pass through a copper wire of half a mile in length, interrupted both in the middle and also at its two extremities, so as to present three sparks, they each gave a spectrum considerably elongated and indicating the duration of the spark of the 24,000th part of a second. The sparks at both extremities of the circuit were perfectly simultaneous, both in their period of commencement and termination; but that which took place in the middle of the circuit, though of equal duration with the former, occurred later by at least the millionth part of a second, indicating a velocity of transmission from the former point to the latter, of nearly 288,000 miles in a second,—a velocity which exceeds that of light itself.

From what is said of the physiological effects of common electricity we extract the following paragraphs:—

It is stated by Mr. Morgan, that if a strong shock be passed through the diaphragm, the sudden contraction of the muscles of respiration will act so violently on the air of the lungs, as to occasion a loud and involuntary shout; but that a small charge occasions in the gravest persons a violent fit of laughter: persons of great nervous sensibility are affected much more readily than others.

A small charge sent through the spine instantly deprives the person for a moment of all muscular power, and he generally falls to the ground. If the charge be very powerful, instant death is occasioned. Mr. Singer states that a charge passed through the head gave him the sensation of a violent and universal blow, which was followed by a transient loss of memory and indistinctness of vision. A small charge sent through the head of a bird will so far derange the optic nerve as to produce permanent blindness; and a coated surface of thirty square inches of glass will exhaust the whole nervous system to such a degree as to cause immediate death. Animals the most tenacious of life are destroyed by energetic shocks passed through the body. Van Marum found that eels are irrecoverably deprived of life when a shock is sent through their whole body; when only a part of the body is included in the circuit, the destruction is confined to that individual part, while the rest retains the power of motion.

The bodies of animals killed by lightning are found to undergo rapid putrefaction; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that after death the blood does not coagulate.

There can be no doubt that electricity is very materially concerned in the economy both of animal and vegetable life, but we possess no precise information on the subject. It is not improbable that it may have something to do with the rise of sap, from the fact that electricity always increases the velocity of a fluid moving in a capillary tube. On vegetables strong shocks have the same effects as on animals, namely, produce death: a very slight charge is sufficient to kill a balsam. It may further be observed that living vegetables are the most powerful conductors with which we are acquainted. Mr. Weeks found that a coated jar, having forty-six inches of metallic surface, was repeatedly discharged by the activity of a vegetable point, in 4 min. 6 sec.; while the same jar, charged in the same degree, required 11 min. 6

sec. to free it from its electric contents by means of a metallic point: the points in both cases being equi-distant. The same gentleman also found that the gold leaf electroscope is powerfully affected by a jar at the distance of nearly seven feet, when the cap of the instrument is furnished with a branch of the shrub called butcher's broom; though the same instrument, when mounted with pointed metallic wires, is not perceptibly affected until the charged jar approaches to within two feet of the cap.

If a blade of grass and a needle be held pointing towards the prime conductor of a machine, while the person holding them recedes from the instrument, a small luminous point will appear on the apex of the grass long after it has vanished from the apex of the needle.

The paragraphs which we next extract concern the *Gymnotus*, a fish resembling an eel, and possessed of electrical properties. A specimen was for some time in the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide street, where it remained in a healthy and vigorous condition from August 1838, till March 1842. "The length of this fish was forty inches. At first it was fed with blood, which was nightly put into the water, which was changed for fresh water in the morning; subsequently it was supplied with small fish, such as gudgeon, carp, and perch, one of which on an average it consumed daily." Numerous experiments were instituted by Dr. Faraday and others with this fine specimen; and the following are a few of the observations and results that were noticed.

The *Gymnotus* can stun and kill fish, which are in very various positions to its own body. Dr. Faraday describes the behavior of the eel on one occasion when he saw it eat, as follows:—a live fish about five inches in length, caught not half a minute before, was dropped into the tub. The *Gymnotus* instantly turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it: a shock passed, and there in an instant was the fish struck motionless, as if by lightning, in the midst of the water, its side floating to the light. The *Gymnotus* made a turn or two to look for its prey, which having found, he bolted, and then went searching about for more. Living as this animal does in the midst of such a good conductor as water, it seems at first surprising that it can sensibly electrify anything; but in fact it is the very conducting power of the water which favors and increases the shock, by moistening the skin of the animal through which the *Gymnotus* discharges its battery. This is illustrated by the fate of a *Gymnotus* which had been caught and confined for the purpose of transmission to this country. Notwithstanding its wonderful powers, it was destroyed by a water rat; and when we consider the perfect manner in which the body of the rat is insulated, and that even when he dives beneath the water not a particle of the liquid adheres to him, we shall not feel surprised at the catastrophe.

The *Gymnotus* appears to be sensible when he has shocked an animal, being made conscious of it, probably, by the mechanical impulse he receives, caused by the spasms into which he is thrown. When Dr. Faraday touched him with his hands, he gave him shock after shock; but when he

touched him with glass rods, or insulated conductors, he gave one or two shocks felt by others having their hands in at a distance, but then ceased to exert the influence, as if made aware it had not the desired effect. Again, when he was touched with the conductor several times for experiment on the galvanometer, &c., and appeared to be languid or indifferent, and not willing to give shocks, yet, being touched by the hands, they by convulsive motion informed him that a sensitive thing was present, and he as quickly showed his power and willingness to astonish the experimenter.

In these most wonderful animals then we behold the power of converting the *nervous* into the *electric* force. Is the converse of this possible? Possessing, as we do, an electric power far beyond that of the fish itself, is it irrational, or unphilosophical, to anticipate the time when we shall be able to reconvert the electric into the *nervous* force? Seebeck taught us how to commute heat into electricity; and Peltier, more recently, has shown us how to convert the electricity into heat. By *Ørsted* we were shown how to convert the electric into the magnetic force, and Faraday has the honor of having added the other member of the full relation, by reacting back again and converting magnetic into electric forces.

Electro-magnetism and *Ørsted* :

In the year 1819, the famous discovery of electro-magnetism was made by *Ørsted*, and since that time, nearly all the telegraphs that have been brought before the public are based on the deflection of the magnetic needle by the voltaic current. It was Ampère who first suggested this application, and Mr. Alexander of Edinburgh who first took advantage of the suggestion. His telegraph consisted of thirty-one wires, for the purpose of showing the alphabet in full, with stops, &c., in all thirty signals, which were shown upon a distant dial. A voltaic battery was provided, and a series of troughs of mercury to which were attached keys, to be pressed down by the finger of the operator, by which the voltaic circuit was completed; thirty magnetic needles, each carrying a screen which concealed a letter, were fixed on the dial, and each needle had its corresponding key. When no electricity was passing, these screens remained stationary over the several letters, and consequently concealed them from view; but when the current was made to flow, by the depression of a key, the corresponding needle in the distant instrument was deflected, carrying the screen with it, and uncovering the letter, which became exposed to view.

Atmospheric electricity, and some of its phenomena.

A great difference will be observed in the appearance of the flashes of lightning during a thunder-storm. The scene is sometimes awfully magnificent by their brilliancy, frequency and extent; darting sometimes, on broad and well-defined lines, from cloud to cloud, and sometimes shooting towards the earth; they then become zig-zag and irregular, or appear as a large and rapidly-moving ball of fire—an appearance usually designated by the ignorant a *thunderbolt*, and erroneously supposed to be attended by the fall of a solid body. The report of the thunder is also modified according to the nature of the country, the extent of the air through which it passes, and the position of the

observer. Sometimes it sounds like the sudden emptying of a large cart-load of stones, sometimes like the firing of a volley of musketry; in these cases it usually follows the lightning immediately, and is near at hand: when more distant, it rumbles and reverberates, at first with a loud report, gradually dying away and returning at intervals, or roaring like the discharge of heavy artillery.

Again:

A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place twenty miles off, by what is called the back stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud highly charged hang down to the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface if it be of the same kind as their own, and will attract the other kind: if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though this back stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shock.

When a building is struck by lightning, the charge is generally determined towards the chimney, owing to its height, and to the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; for it has been demonstrated experimentally, that the electric fluid will pass with facility to a considerable distance over a surface of carbon.

The directions to be given as to the best positions of safety during a thunder storm, are few and simple. If out of doors, trees should be avoided; and if from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge: the distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for, should a discharge take place, these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighborhood are more likely to escape. It is right also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor; and the height of a human being near a stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are perfectly safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearth-rug. The chimney, for reasons above stated, should be avoided: upon the same principle gilt mouldings, bell-wires, &c., are in danger of being struck. In bed we are tolerably safe, blankets and feathers being bad conductors, and we are, consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in the basement stories.

The fate of Professor Richmann:

In the year 1753, a fatal catastrophe, from incautious experiments upon atmospheric electricity, occurred to Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg. He had erected an apparatus in the air, making a metallic communication between it and his study, where he provided means for repeating Franklin's experiments. While engaged in describing to his engraver, Tokolow, the nature of the apparatus, a thunder-clap was heard, louder and more distant than any which had been remembered at St. Petersburg. Richmann stooped towards the electrometer to observe the force of the electricity, and

"as he stood in that posture, a great white and bluish fire appeared between the rod of the electrometer and his head. At the same time a sort of steam or vapor arose, which entirely benumbed the engraver, and made him sink on the ground." Several parts of the apparatus were broken in pieces and scattered about: the doors of the room were torn from their hinges, and the house shaken in every part. The wife of the professor, alarmed by the shock, ran to the room, and found her husband sitting on a chest, which happened to be behind him when he was struck, and leaning against the wall. He appeared to have been instantly struck dead; a red spot was found on his forehead, his shoe was burst open, and a part of his waistcoat singed; Tokolow was at the same time struck senseless. This dreadful accident was occasioned by the neglect on the part of Richmann, to provide an arrangement by which the apparatus, when too strongly electrified, might discharge itself into the earth, a precaution that cannot be too strongly urged upon all who attempt experiments in atmospheric electricity.

Having cited a few passages from Mr. Noad's compilation, which are calculated to arrest the attention, and excite the curiosity relative to many of the most marvellous and astounding phenomena in nature, even supposing the reader to be previously altogether unacquainted with the tritest facts of the science of electricity, we shall now throw out such observations and sentiments as may serve to point for a moment to some of the noblest strides that have yet been made in human advancement, and also to encourage glorious anticipations in regard to the achievements of the future.

The knowledge of electricity, like that of most other branches of science, has arisen from very small beginnings, and arrived at its present state by slow and sometimes almost imperceptible gradations. Thales of Miletus, who flourished A. C. 600, was acquainted with the property which amber possesses of attracting light substances, and he thence concluded, that it must necessarily be animated; but the first person who expressly mentioned this substance in his writings was Theophrastus, A. C. 300; and he also notices the electrical power of the *lincurium* or *tourmalin*, at least as far as this stone has the power of attracting light bodies. Pliny, who was suffocated in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, also occasionally mentions the attractive property of amber, which was of course not unknown to later naturalists; but they all seem to have confined the property to amber, jet, and perhaps agate, till the year 1660, when Dr. William Gilbert, a physician of London, published his treatise *De Magnate*. In this work we find that a considerable accession had been made to the list of electrics, as well as to that of the bodies on which they act. He is supposed to be the first who discovered the electrical property of excited glass; but his discovery seems to have extended scarcely any further than to the attraction and repulsion of light bodies, as in amber; and for this purpose, he found that transparent glass answers the best.

Compare the infantile condition of electrical science in the time of Dr. Gilbert with its position now, as this is exhibited briefly in the volume before us. And yet it merits remark that authors of discoveries of the first magnitude have remained unknown, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of historians to rescue from oblivion names, which should never have been obliterated from the book of fame. He who first discovered the property which belongs to a magnetic needle when floating on the surface of a fluid, of pointing towards the north, should be esteemed the genuine inventor of the mariner's compass.

As far back, at least, as the middle of the seventeenth century, the action of the magnet upon iron and steel, the properties of artificial magnets, and in fact all those notions upon magnetism which are to be found in works on natural philosophy published prior to the discovery of electro-magnetism, appear to have been prevalent. The science, indeed, remained stationary during ages, and seemed exhausted, until a new fundamental discovery showed it to be but in its birth. At a period when superstition reigned in full force, when the dead stalked by night among the tombs, and visited the scenes of their past actions, and when angels or demons were the spirits of men's sleeping or waking dreams,—at such a period it was natural to imagine a kind of soul in the magnet, and to endow it with many a virtue which, since people have become greater materialists in their notions of natural science, it no longer possesses.

To exhibit its directing faculty, the magnetic needle was passed through a cork ball, or a straw, so as to float upon the surface of water, and obey the horizontal force of the globe. At times it might be that the lighter body was of such dimensions as to give to the little apparatus the specific gravity of water, when the needle, in the place of floating on the surface, sank beneath it, and remaining suspended in the liquid, obeyed not only its northward tendency, but yielded to the force which urges downwards; thus pointing in the very direction of the magnetic force, like the *dipping needle* of modern observers. And hence, perhaps, a clue may be afforded to the mode in which the *dip* was discovered.

At a period when views of considerable comprehension prevailed respecting magnetism, the science of electricity was truly but in its infancy. That simplest of electrical apparatus, the electrical machine, was not then known; substances had not been classified into good and bad conductors, nor had it been ascertained that, by means of certain precautions, the metals may be electrified.

Electricity is so closely allied to magnetism, and at each new discovery the two orders of phenomena expressed by the terms so tend to converge more and more towards a single cause, that one of the most interesting and important surveys which it is possible to make within the range of natural philosophy, is to glance over the progress of elec-

trical science, to which that recently realized in magnetism may in a great measure be ascribed. We have no intention of enumerating the names of all who have contributed to the discovery of facts in the two branches of physics, or of sketching in rapid and connected outline the progress achieved; it seems sufficient for our purpose to state that in 1727, Gray and Wheeler detected the difference in the electrical properties of metals, and soon after Dufay began to employ isolating bodies; and to him also we owe the discovery of the two electric fluids. If we add to the apparatus then known to natural philosophers, the famous Leyden jar discovered in 1746, we have before us all the material elements of the progress made in electricity proper, and of the instruments by which it has been accomplished.

About the period just now mentioned, when large sparks were first obtained, speculative philosophers were naturally led to conclude that the phenomena of thunder and lightning, and those engendered at will with the Leyden jar, were of the same nature. Vivid flashes, followed by reports, and the destruction of animals struck by the fluid without any visible wound, were effects which evinced a resemblance that could scarcely be overlooked. In the year 1750, Franklin detected the attractive power of points; and in 1752 demonstrated to the world, by his famous kite, what he himself had long felt, namely, that storm clouds are charged with electricity. Not resting satisfied with having discovered one of nature's great secrets, he proceeded to bestow upon the human race the benefits of this new triumph of his genius by the invention of that protecting rod, to which, amidst the crash of heaven's artillery, cities and monuments trust for safety.

It was towards the close of the last century—of the era which had been adorned by the brilliant discoveries of Franklin, that Galvani lit upon that new and fertile field of research with which his name has long since been identified. From the science of *Galvanism*, turn to the period when it became popularized by Volta, the year 1800, the most memorable epoch in the history of electricity and magnetism, when the last-named philosopher made known his powerful apparatus—the germ of all subsequent discoveries; for not one of the forty-four years elapsed since the invention of his famous battery, has sped, without physical science having been enriched with some notable discovery to which this has proved instrumental. During that brief interval have been witnessed the brilliant applications of the pile to the decomposition of the salts and of the alkalis; the reduction of natural bodies to their true elements; the discovery of the most remarkable substances known in chemistry; the action of an electrical current upon the magnetic needle, ascertained by *Ersted*; the multiplier of *Schweigger*; the science of the thermo-electricity by *Seebeck*; the art of magnetizing by galvanic action, and reciprocally, the production of

electricity by the magnet. To the names cited, there need only be added those of Arago, who discovered the action of moving bodies upon the magnetic needle; of Becquerel, who shed so much light upon the hidden phenomena that occur within the bowels of the earth, and accompany the natural formation of minerals; of Nobili and Melloni, whose numerous experiments made with the aid of the thermo-electric pile, bring the phenomena of light and heat nearer the scope of a common cause; of Faraday and of professor Henry of Princetown, the authors of such valuable discoveries respecting the electrical currents and induction; of Ampère, who has been designated the "many-sided *savant*," who first constructed artificial magnets without the aid of any magnetic substance, &c. &c.

Can there be offered a more impressive and glowing image of the destiny and progress of man, than the rapidity with which such a science is created, cultivated, and made to bear fruits, becoming again themselves the germs of future discovery! The transition from the obscurity of ignorance to the light of knowledge is dazzling; and truly hath this age the power of furnishing materials to posterity which, by their richness and variety, will one day compensate for the darkness that enshrouds the early history of our race. Upon its cradle, Egypt, with its crumbling monuments and impenetrable hieroglyphs, how much learning and ingenuity have been bestowed! How often have the learned inquired whether those gigantic tokens of physical power, and the symbols of an extinct civilization which they enshrine, are not demonstrations that modern humanity has advanced less than it fondly hopes, or, mayhap, retrograded! But let such monuments sink beneath their native sands—while those erected in our day, the spiritual ones adorned by trophies of genius, and reared by the monarchs of thought, arise in all directions around us, and none more proudly than that living monument, the art of printing, which records in uneffaceable characters each event, the minds by which it was achieved, and the processes they invented. The forgotten machinery which raised up the obelisk and built the pyramid, vain memorials of potentates and nations more perishable far than they, illustrate the folly of wasting the feeble strength and brief span of mortality upon such objects; and thus humbling man's pride, they point out nobler channels for his ambition. But future ages will know, nor ever forget, the founders of a noble science, and read in their lives the grandest lessons of bold and sagacious energy.

Such has been the rapidity with which one discovery has followed another, that the simple spectator of the march of science could not have kept pace with them, had they not forced themselves upon the public attention. It cannot have escaped the reader, who is at all acquainted with the progress made, that every modern discovery of the first order, from that of the weight of the atmos-

phere, down to the more recent steps in electromagnetism, has been popularized by some machine. The barometer and the modern balloon have immortalized the discoveries of Torricelli, and the clock perpetuates Galileo's well-known observation, which he made while in church, of the isochronous swinging of the lamps; the mariner's compass attracts the attention of the many to the phenomena of magnetism, and the electrical machine to those of electricity; the lightning rod commemorates the sagacity of Franklin, and the voltaic pile has ceased to be a mere instrument of philosophical experiment, having been skilfully adapted as a motive power of a number of more or less ingenious machines; whilst very recently, the magnetic telegraph has signalized at the same time the multiplier of Schweigger, and the discovery of CErsted already mentioned. And then were we to pass into the region of the fine arts, and to note what has been but of yesterday achieved towards the multiplication of pictures, and contributed in the department of visible illustration, the survey would become still more imposing, and the promise illimitable; carrying us far beyond the space allotted to this paper, and indeed further than our main design requires,—which was merely to glance at the ramifications into which the science of electricity, so simple at the beginning, has spread out, the fruits already borne, and the healthy blossoms which crowd upon every branch.

O NE'ER upon *my grave* be shed
The bitter tears of sinking *age*,
That mourns its cherish'd comforts dead,
With grief no human hopes assuage.

When through the still and gazing street
My funeral winds its sad array;
Ne'er may a *Father's* faltering feet
Lead with slow steps the church-yard way.

'T is a dread sight! the sunken eye,
The look of calm and fixed despair,
And the pale lips that breathe no sigh,
But quiver with the unuttered prayer.

Ne'er may a *Mother* shed her tears,
As the mute circle stands around,
When, bending o'er my grave, she hears
The clods fall fast with heavy sound.

Ne'er may she know the sinking heart,
The dreary loneliness of grief,
When all is o'er, when all depart,
And cease to yield their sad relief;

Or entering in my vacant room,
Feel, in its chill and heavy air,
As if the dampness of the tomb,
And spirits of the dead, were there.

Oh welcome, though with toil and pain,
The power to glad a parent's heart,
To bid a parent's joys remain,
And life's approaching ills depart.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

THE story which I am about to commit to paper is substantially true. I shall not call its persons by their real names, nor shall I describe the spot of their residence so minutely as to render it easily identified. It is enough that it was on the outskirts of Liverpool, that mighty town so often erroneously called a city, which, like a rapidly-spreading tree, is continually shooting out fresh branches in every direction. The principal actor in this history I shall call by the name of Grainger.

William Grainger was book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for "old Gibbs," though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grainger, at the time our story commences, had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman, of some personal beauty; but she had brought him no fortune, except her innate good qualities. They now resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable, and possessing the advantage of better air than the dwellers nearer "business" could enjoy. It was a tall, thin tenement, newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighborhood; a kitchen in the sunk story, a small parlor, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bed-rooms above; that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, succeeding to a sultry day, when Mrs. Grainger sat alone in her little parlor. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself with great neatness, and sat down to needlework. Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly-braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea-things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half

the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered in her heart if the whole wide world contained another creature so happy as herself; for Mary, with all her simplicity, was a thoughtful woman, gentle, and contented, and pious. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed. Her life was full of gentle happiness even in his absence; for from the moment of his bidding her farewell in the morning, till his return at night, she was looking forward to that return, and busying herself in employments of which he was to reap the benefit.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six, was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road: but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fidgeted from the parlor to the gate and back again for another half hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea-table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had "something on his mind." Coupling his demeanor with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross-questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

"I did not intend to tell you at present, love," he said, "in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr. Gibbs."

"Leave Mr Gibbs!" exclaimed Mary in alarm. "Oh William, what have you done to offend him!—what on earth will become of us?"

"Do not be so easily terrified, Mary," replied Grainger; "I have no quarrel with Mr. Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to

part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and, with Mr. Gibbs' good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place."

"My dear William!"

"My darling Mary!"—and then came the hearty embrace and the tears of joy; and then, as their emotion somewhat subsided, they sat hand in hand by the little flower-blinded window, and talked delightedly over their brightening prospects.

"There is one drawback, however," said Grainger, when they were reckoning up the advantages of the new situation; "the hours are longer, and I am not so sure of always getting away at half-past five. Of course we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant."

"Then we must leave our little home!" exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendor of Messrs. Patchett and Adams' offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Grainger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs. Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size, though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets once fashionable, but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for "villas" and "terraces" in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains, new carpets and a handsome bookcase, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her: most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that, during the days of their poverty, they had scrupulously abstained from taking even the most trifling article on credit. But Grainger had combated her scruples by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were "buried" in the small house they could do as they pleased,

it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining anything for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle, and that lurking feeling had more truth in it than the most specious argument. All beginnings of evil habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt most so—the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the real, but fancied want or whim of the moment, rivets link after link to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, and mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their fatal inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs. Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow; new hopes had awakened new ambitions in his heart, and, strong in the consciousness of his own cleverness, and the good opinion of those with whom he was connected in business, he had no fears for the future. The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward to better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant, and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood; and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs. Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it; for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not

reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then would afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum: and would it not be foolish to lose such an excellent opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves! The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest entreaty had not been complied with. "The bills I have given for these things," Grainger said, "are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long? Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do women know of business?" Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence; but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well. From that time she asked no questions; but as the time drew on when the first bill for fifty pounds would fall due, she grew anxious and uneasy, and her delicate cheek grew paler and thinner than ever. Two days, however, before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

"Now, Mary," he cried, "now own that I was right! Your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced almost fifteen hundred. I was rather alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but 'all's well that ends well,' and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold street, and choose the best silk in W——'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it."

"But, William," said Mary anxiously, "there is something I must say to you before we go. My five hundred pounds, it *was* mine, darling, was it not?" She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

"Of course it was yours," he replied hastily; "what more have you to say about it?"

"Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?" she con-

tinued more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

"Indeed, Mary," he answered, "I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?"

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business? He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

"I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me," said he; "but you *must* know there *are* such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him."

"You thought it a *large* sum just now. William."

"And so it is, Mary, to us at present: I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?" And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. It seemed an auspicious beginning, but more than this—more even than natural cleverness and industry—is required to make a prosperous ending. Mary comforted herself with the idea that he still retained his situation, which, producing them a certain income, promised the supply of their actual wants whatever might be the fate of her husband's speculations. But Grainger was an altered man. With his attention divided between his own affairs and those of his employers, he became less punctual, less cheerful, and less respectful in his manners; and Messrs. Patchett and Adams at length felt themselves obliged to intimate that they thought it better that their business should be conducted by some one who had fewer private matters to attend to. The hint was sufficient; Grainger immediately threw up his situation, took an office of his own, and did not inform his wife of the step he had taken until the arrangement was completed. The announcement of this change smote upon Mary's heart like the knell of peace and comfort. Whilst her husband was rejoicing in his *independence*, she had lost all sense of liberty. It was in vain that he gave her permission to order what she would in the way of dress and furniture; and when she declined to obtain such things on credit, poured money into her purse for that purpose. She felt as if she had no longer a right to spend a shilling without an absolute necessity, as if the *uncertainty* of their fortunes ought to check them in all needless expenditure. At her earnest entreaty, however, the debts contracted when they

first came to reside in their new house, were paid off, and her mind was relieved from one great anxiety; though Grainger said something about the folly of paying away money which might be better employed, and laughed at her fears, which he imputed to her utter ignorance of business. A few months went by, and William Grainger began to be spoken of as a man of some note in the commercial world. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave, and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unfailing attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs. Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hair-breadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly by precipices and pitfalls, which, had the journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years: it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped-for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage, or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets, too,—not painful but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. It was difficult to believe that she was the same wife who had gone so meekly and cheerfully about her household toils, and felt so contented in her comparative poverty. It was even more difficult to identify her husband with the young open-hearted man who came home so regularly to that

little dwelling, and, casting by the cares of the day, as things he could throw aside at will, was ready to sing, or talk, or walk with her, making her the spring of all his simple pleasures. Now, he was a careful, cautious man, hoarding up secrets which were not for her, but which, if his lips were silent about them, spoke of their nature in the firmly-closed mouth, the lines furrowing the once smooth brow, and the gray already sprinkling the dark hair. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she so completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, "*In all time of our wealth, Good Lord, deliver us!*" as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admission. She had that morning reminded him that this was "the memorable day;" but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her that, having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free of every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. "The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have, indeed, produced a golden harvest," said he; "if so small a sum has been thus fruitful, what may not be done with a large one! Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger?" But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. "What! in the prime of my life turn clod-hopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are now leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!"

"But, my dearest William, you need *not* be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighborhood like this."

"Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness."

"Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage, and how *very* happy we were there!"

"The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well *then*, but scarcely good enough for our pig-stye now; people must live according to their means, my dear. I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself *now*."

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind,—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been lightly spoken of who should have been had in reverence.

Another year passed away, and not without many changes. Mary's suffering child, her beloved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and

Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle, thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to Mary, not harsh, but reserved; and she, poor thing, after one or two ineffectual attempts to penetrate the secret that was evidently pressing on his mind, was compelled to wait patiently for such revelations as the course of events might make to her. They came at last, and came with tremendous, almost crushing power. The speculation on which he had risked so much had completely failed, and William Grainger was a ruined man. Not only had he to bear the loss of the all which he had been so many years toiling for, but to listen to the reproaches of those who had cast in their lot with him, led by his advice and example. William Grainger had wished to acquire wealth, but still he was not a merely avaricious man. He had a proud, high spirit and deep feelings, and these were keenly wounded by the imputations which many failed not to cast on him. He was made a bankrupt; but long before his affairs were settled, he was lying helplessly on his bed, the victim of brain fever.

For weeks poor Mary watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, too much absorbed in grief for his illness to think much on their losses, or to speculate as to what was to become of them for the remainder of their days. One of Grainger's creditors was a Mr. Fulwood, an elderly man of good property, and a member of the medical profession. He had, some years ago, assisted Grainger with money, which had never yet been repaid, nor, considering it safely invested, had he urged the repayment. For Mary he had ever entertained a high regard. Her gentleness, her freedom from pride, her motherly devotion to her invalid child, whom he had attended, had all won on his esteem, and he represented her case to the other creditors so feelingly, that he obtained a promise that the five hundred pounds which had originally been hers, should be returned to her from the assets, and that she should be permitted to take what furniture she pleased from the villa before the sale took place. These tidings fell gratefully on Mary's ears, for that day had already been marked with joyful news. The doctors had told her that her husband might, probably would recover; and in the light of happiness this announcement had diffused around her, the comparatively small sum allotted to her seemed like a direct gift from Heaven. They had, however, forborne to name one circumstance, which would have formed a dreadful drawback to her delight—the fact that the restoration of his body to health was not likely to be accompanied by that of his mind. Very soon, alas! that sorrowful truth dawned on her. William Grainger was himself no more. He sat up, he walked about, he regained his strength, he

even seemed to recognize his wife, but on all other points his memory was a blank. He still spoke fondly to her, and smiled on her with a kind of childish smile, but

"She saw in the dim and fitful ray,
That the light of the soul had gone away."

Vainly did she hope and pray, and use every effort to arouse his mental energies. Mr. Fulwood told her that it was useless; and as weeks went by and brought no change, she was obliged to believe him. One plan was still dear to her almost broken heart, and she rested not till it was executed. She had ascertained that the cottage where she had spent the first months of her married life was vacant, and she wished to reside there again. She consulted with Mr. Fulwood, and he approved of her wish. He had already applied to some distant relations both of her and her husband, and had wrung from them a promise of such a moderate weekly allowance as should protect her and that unfortunate husband from want. The five hundred pounds, at her earnest request, were kept apart for the purpose for which she had originally wished her legacy to be reserved—the education of her son; and tears of gratitude rolled down her pale cheeks as she reflected on the mercy of Providence in providing for that purpose. She availed herself no further of the kindness of the creditors respecting the furniture, than by taking away those articles which had formerly belonged to her little cottage. Though they had long been for the most part banished to the lumber-room, she had them still, for she cherished an individual affection for every chair and table, and had always declined parting with them: and now when they were arranged in her *new old* dwelling, as nearly as possible in their former order, she felt as if a heavy feverish dream had passed away, and that, but for one sad circumstance, she could almost return to old times and old happiness.

Another year had rolled by, and again a change. William Grainger, the enterprising trader, the great merchant, the last year's bankrupt, the fever-stricken idiot, had been carried to his lowly grave, the victim of a paralytic attack: and she, whose heart had clung to him so faithfully in joy and sorrow, dared not do otherwise than thank God for his release. "How happy we might be," she would often say, "if we would enjoy the blessings around us, instead of looking forward so anxiously to the future. If my poor William had done so—if he had been content in this cottage, all would have been well; yet no one could blame him when he took the first opportunity of getting into a superior situation. It had been well still if he had been contented with that excellent employment—well even when he left it and became rich and influential, if he had stopped in time: but the fever of speculation came upon him, and that brought ruin. Yet I do not murmur. All has been wisely ordered: and I have much to be thankful for—most, that my dear child has chosen a profession where he will not enter into the temptation that beset his poor father. Thank God that my Clement will have nothing to allure him to quit the Substance of happiness and pursue its Shadow!"

"How is Clement to-day, Esther?" inquired Mr. Fulwood, as he entered the small flower-plot before Mrs. Grainger's door, and kindly shook hands with the young girl who came forth to meet him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, tall and graceful in figure, and with a face,

though not pretty, yet very pleasing. Her eyes, however, were soft and expressive, and the paleness of her cheek was rendered more visible by the contrast of her dark, braided hair. A slight blush mounted to her temples as she replied, "I hope better—much better. The cough is subsiding, and he has had fewer of those terrible flushings. I think he will soon be strong again; do not you, sir!"—and she looked up anxiously in his face.

"I think there is much in his own power, Esther," was the reply. "Clement is a fine creature, but too dreamy, too excitable, and, I must also say, too obstinate. So naturally delicate as his constitution is, it is almost too much for him to pursue his studies so as to enable him to take orders at all, and yet he will persist in striving for attainments which require strength and nerve far beyond what he possesses. But I shall say no more to him; I saw he was displeased with me the last time I spoke to him, and even his mother thought I was too severe."

"She alluded, I think, to your saying that such exertions as Clement was making were no better than suicide. She is proud of him, as is very natural; but she is uneasy about him many a time, and by no means wishes him to work so hard."

"Listen to me, Esther, whilst I tell you the truth. You know how Clement's father brought worldly ruin on himself and his family by his wild speculations, and I can tell you that, in another form, the spirit of the father lives in the son."

"Surely, my dear sir, you cannot think for a moment that Clement is covetous, or that he is so overstraining mind and body in the hope of acquiring riches!"

"Indeed I do not. Nevertheless he is speculating; and the capital he is risking is his health, perhaps his life. Believe me, Esther, health is a talent as well as money, for which we must hereafter give an account. He is following after a shadowy fame, an unsubstantial triumph. I doubt much if he will ever overtake it." But by this time poor Esther's eyes were full of tears, and Mr. Fulwood, changing his tone, entered the house, saying, "Come, we will go and see our patient. I am truly glad you can tell me he is better."

Esther Corbett was a niece of Mrs. Grainger, who had been for the last few months residing at the cottage. She had been early deprived of her mother. Her father was captain of a merchantman; and her two young brothers, for whom she had kept house until lately, were already following their father's profession. She had always been a favorite with Mrs. Grainger, and on being thus left alone, it had been arranged that she should board with her aunt. And truly, Esther Corbett was as a daughter to the lonely widow, lightening her household toils, attending to her comforts, and performing all those little offices which are only well performed when the heart is in them.

Clement Grainger had lately come home for the vacation, and his name stood high amongst his comrades, over most of whom, by excessive assiduity, he had obtained a decided superiority. But what to another might have been comparatively easy, to him was difficult. His intellect was, like his person, more graceful than vigorous, his mind more imaginative than deep or reflective; the drudgery he submitted to, in order to acquire the character of a first-rate scholar, told terribly on both his mind and body. He could not be satisfied with the superficial knowledge which by happy

chance might serve to drag him through an examination. He dared not be questioned on any subject of which he was not thoroughly master in every part, for the very knowledge that failure was possible, might of itself have produced failure. He had no boldness, no dash in his manner of answering. He would have given the world for the careless confidence, and trust in good luck, with which he saw many below him both in talent and acquirements force their way on. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honors, and had already carried them off, on more occasions than one, from confessedly clever competitors. It was just after a hard struggle of this nature that he had returned home, and the tears of pride with which his mother hailed the news of his victory were chased away by less happy drops as she remarked his flushed cheeks and attenuated form. Days passed by, and though seriously ill, Clement persisted in spending several hours of each in study; and long after the widow and her young inmate had retired to rest, his candle, secretly relighted, was shedding its faint lustre on his high pale forehead and the thin hand that turned page after page of the Greek or Latin book with which he was engaged. But soon an attack of feverish cold and inflammation came on with such violence, that Clement was obliged, though reluctantly, to surrender himself to the care of doctor and nurse, and under their judicious treatment he was gradually recovering, when Mr. Fulwood reached the cottage, and held the conversation with Esther which has been just recorded. As they entered the little parlor, Clement, who was as usual surrounded by books and papers, arose to greet Mr. Fulwood, who could not but admit that he was greatly improved in appearance since he had last seen him. The young man's satisfaction at finding himself better, seemed, however, sadly damped by regrets for the loss of time which his illness had caused. "But I must make up for it now," he said, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing himself to any one. "If it had not been for this, I should have been sure of honors; but now it will be a hard struggle. I must not fail—I could not bear to fail!" Although Mr. Fulwood had vowed on a former occasion to argue with Clement Grainger no more, he found it impossible to forbear; and in firm but kind language he endeavored to convince his patient of the folly, nay, the actual wickedness, of continuing to make efforts so far beyond his strength. "If you would only be content, Clement," he said, "to walk in the plain path that is before you—to prepare yourself simply for what you have so often wished to be—a useful country clergyman, depend upon it you would be performing your duty far better than in running after the name of being 'a great scholar.' I am not, remember, decrying the usefulness of great learning in some persons; but let every one fill his proper place. Had Providence designed you for the course you will persist in forcing yourself into, depend upon it more bodily strength and healthier nerves would have been allotted to you. In following a phantom, you are taking the surest means to prevent your future usefulness, and to destroy your own health and your mother's happiness." Mr. Fulwood did not then know how deeply the happiness of another was concerned in Clement's welfare, nor was Clement himself at all aware of the circumstance.

Clement Grainger returned to college, bearing

his anxious mother's fervent blessings, and unconsciously removing the object that was dearest to Esther Corbett's heart. But his mother was quicker in discerning the truth; she had not been blinded by the splendid dreams of the future that rendered her son all but insensible to what was passing in the actual world around him, and she rejoiced in the discovery of the state of Esther's affections. She already cherished a half-formed vision of a pretty parsonage, her own place by the cheerful fireside, the happy laughter of children ringing through the little mansion, and Esther, no longer Corbett, with her light step and noiseless activity moving here and there on her household duties—her daughter in very deed and truth. The picture was so soothing and delightful, that she turned to contemplate it again and again, until the coinage of her own hopes and dreams seemed like a real prospect, and she came to regard the future marriage of Clement with Esther as a thing that must at some time take place as inevitably as her own death.

Another vacation came round, and again Clement was at home; still delicate in health, but apparently not worse than before. And so he came and went three or four times; and now he was at home for the last vacation that would occur before his necessary college course would be completed. Then his mother, in the fulness of her heart, spoke to him of all her hopes and wishes, and was both surprised and disappointed at the quiet manner in which he listened to her.

"Indeed, mother," he said calmly, "I have no thoughts of marrying; and I have never looked upon Esther except as a friend and sister. I hope you have not spoken to her on this subject?"

"My darling Clement! my dear son! do you suppose for one moment I would act so improperly? But can you not see yourself that she loves you? Do you think her intense anxiety, her earnest wishes for your welfare, could proceed from any other cause?"

"It never struck me before in that light, dear mother. If it be really as you say—but it would be absurd in me to speak to her about it at present, as I intend to read for a fellowship."

Now, poor Mrs. Grainger scarcely knew what a fellowship meant, except that it was a post of some honor and dignity. She was quite unaware that the course of study necessary to obtain one is almost murderous, as also that it excludes from marriage during the time that it is held. So she simply replied, that she hoped, as soon as he got the fellowship, he would have time to think about what she had said; and the matter ended for the present.

Clement was awakened by Mrs. Grainger's hint, to observe the various symptoms of affection which poor Esther unwittingly manifested towards him. Gentle and kind in all his feelings, to love him was the surest way of obtaining his love; and before he left home again, he was the affianced husband of Esther Corbett. But he told her of the ambition that was in his heart. He might at once have been ordained to a small living, which, small as it was, would have been wealth to them.

"But I must win this fellowship, Esther," he said. "I cannot bear to stand on the ladder without reaching the top, even though I should descend again at once. And—dear Esther, I am growing worldly for your sake—I can, probably,

on giving up my fellowship, obtain a better living than that which offers now."

Study, study, study; little rest even during the brief time he allotted to himself for sleep; hasty meals, to which he brought no appetite; a perpetual bending over books; a continual struggle to bear up against the insidious approaches of creeping illness; such is an epitome of the next few months of Clement Grainger's life. Very anxious were those two hearts who loved him best on earth, though they strove to cheer each other with words of hope and comfort, and were less unhappy than they would have been had they known the ruinous extent of his exertions. Their chief distress was the infrequency and brevity of his letters. "I am well, but very busy," was the substance of them all; and it would have added to Esther's grief, could she have known that her long affectionate letters were now merely glanced over, and then laid aside for the leisure hour which never came.

The time of trial arrived at last. There were only three candidates for the vacant fellowship who appeared to have any chance of obtaining it, and of these Clement was one. He slept not on the previous night; and ere he left his chamber, he flung himself on his knees, and prayed, long and passionately, that the triumph might be his. Something fortified with the internal courage inspired by this act of devotion, he entered the examination hall.

It was over; and Clement Grainger returned to his chamber an altered man. A hundred years seemed to have passed over his head in a few hours. The proud dream of his hopes had dispersed into empty air; his privations, his prayers, his labors had been all for nought; another won the prize. But he walked with quiet step and calm demeanor; he even replied tranquilly to the greetings of some, who, knowing the tremendous efforts he had made to succeed, sincerely pitied him for his failure. He closed the door of his apartment; wrote a few lines to Esther, simply stating his defeat, and that a few days would find him at home again; and then he bowed down his head, and gave himself up to such an agony of anguish, as can only be felt by one whose whole hope has been risked on one unsuccessful cast. Burning tears forced themselves from his eyes; heavy sobs labored from his heart; his whole frame seemed writhing in convulsive torture. He grew calmer. He remembered that, by this behavior, he was showing a terrible want of submission to the will of Providence. He tried to rally his mind, to think it possible that some future success might yet be his. But no; his mind actually seemed to fall back from the very idea of such a hill of difficulty as he had lately climbed; and, utterly weak and exhausted, he sunk down again, and wept like a child.

In a few days he left the seat of learning where he had known such high hopes and such bitter disappointment, resolving never to enter it more. The first arrival at home was a severe trial to him, though the warmth of the welcome he met there, and the joy his presence seemed to diffuse, could scarcely have been greater had he returned triumphant. But their consolations, kindly as they were meant, were daggers to his soul. He could bear no allusion to his failure. "Let us never name it again, mother," he said. "Do not strive to comfort me, dear Esther. Try, both of

you, to forget it as soon as you can. The die is cast."

From the time of his return home, Clement appeared to have abandoned all the pursuits that had once been his delight. He was now never seen with a book or a pen, but spent all his days in sauntering through the fields and lanes, or gazing through the window, or sitting in silent melancholy abstraction. An old college friend, of superior rank to his own, called to see him, and endeavored to rouse him from his lethargy, kindly inviting him to join him in a tour, which he imagined would be serviceable to his health. But Clement declined the offer; nor could all the persuasion of his friend, his mother, and his betrothed, induce him to accept it. He next tried to reawaken Clement's hopes by promising him a considerable living, which would probably soon be vacant, the incumbent being old and infirm. The color deepened in Esther's cheeks as she heard that promise, but her heart sunk as she perceived it produce no corresponding emotion in Clement. He thanked his friend for his kindness, but expressed no pleasure in the prospect.

Summer passed away, and before winter set in it was evident to all that serious illness had fastened on the unfortunate student. His strength was gradually declining, the cough of former years had returned with aggravated vehemence, his cheek was now flushed, now white as snow, and the thinned hair and the burning emaciated hand, all told a tale that there was no mistaking. It was in vain that Mrs. Grainger and Esther tried to speak words of comfort to each other, and looked into each other's eyes for hope. The fact that the days of this beloved one were numbered, would ever and anon glare through the false veil of hope which they endeavored to wrap around the truth. Mr. Fulwood came regularly to see the invalid, but his opinion was only expressed in an ominous shake of the head, more terrible than words. He did not once allude to the cause of Clement's illness, though "I saw how it would end" was plainly written in his countenance. Mrs. Grainger had never asked him his opinion of the state of her son, but his silence was enough, and she soon perceived that the medicines he administered were merely palliatives, resorted to when there was no hope of cure. To Clement's mind the conviction of the reality of his danger came more slowly, and, strange to say, it brought with it a contradictory longing for life. He who had seemed so desponding, so wearied of the world, so careless for the future, now evinced a wish to live; an affection for the loveliness of nature, and a consciousness of the enjoyments of life, that he had never displayed before, as if his eyes were now first opened to the beauty and the value of the things he had formerly slighted. He now gave himself up to the guidance of those around him with the docility of a child, and the hopes of Esther arose again. "Even yet he may be saved by care," sobbed she, as she conferred with her aged friend apart. "Oh, God! spare my son, for it is thou alone who canst heal!" ejaculated the mother with something like reviving hope. But the hot days of a peculiarly sultry May supervened, and produced increased languor and weakness. No longer could Clement Grainger traverse the green fields that

lay behind their house, even with the help of Esther's arm. Fits of sudden slumber, occasional failure of memory, and dulness of hearing, all these things proclaimed that the end was nigh.

Yet was there another strange revival. For several successive days the patient appeared gradually gaining strength, and his mind was clearer and calmer than it had been for weeks. He had been raised from his bed one morning, and was sitting by the window enjoying the summer air as it breathed over a vase of sweet scented flowers which Esther had placed on a little table near him. Just then a letter was brought in for Clement, who desired Esther to open it. She did so, and found it was from the noble friend who, a few months before, had promised Clement a living. It was now vacant, and this letter requested him to come at once to W—, and receive it from his friend. For a moment the blood rushed tumultuously through Clement's heart—for a moment he forgot the sad circumstances of his case, and starting up with supernatural energy, he flung his arms around Esther's neck, exclaiming, "Now, now we shall all be happy." He buried his face in her bosom, and as she wound her supporting arms around him, she hoped that a relieving gush of tears was the cause of that hiding of his countenance. But she was soon undeceived. He leaned heavily upon her, and in spite of her efforts to support him, she found he was sliding from her clasp. Mrs. Grainger hastened to her assistance, and they placed Clement again in his chair; but the eyes, though still open, were fast fixing forever—the parted lips were white and dumb. The dream of life was over.

Mrs. Grainger, immediately after the first shock from his death, returned, though with a saddened heart, to her habits of meek submission. She even thanked God that her beloved son had been removed before her. "I was thankful," she often said, "for a child on earth; should I not be still more thankful for a child in heaven?" She did not survive Clement many months.

Esther Corbett remained single for several years, but she at length married a person who was fully worthy of her, and spent with him a long life chequered with some trials, but bringing forth a counterpoise of happiness.

It has not been the wish of the writer of this tale to depreciate the value of useful exertion or honorable ambition. She has only desired to show the evils attendant on a wish to grasp at more, either in the world of wealth or of intellect, than there is a reasonable chance of obtaining. She writes from cases which have occurred in her own experience, and where it was evident that affluence might have been kept, and health preserved, but for the *spirit of speculation*. Whoever risks the fortunes of himself and his family on a speculation where failure must bring ruin, in her opinion speculates unlawfully. Whoever devotes himself to higher and more intellectual pursuits with such perseverance as to injure his health, can scarcely be said to be performing a duty. Alas that avarice and ambition should have such power to lead from the true road to happiness! that men, and women too, will still prefer the *SHADOW* to the

SUBSTANCE.

THE PENCIL OF NATURE.

THIS is the appropriate title of a series of pictures produced solely by the action of light on sensitive paper, and multiplied to any number of impressions without the aid of draughtsman, engraver, or printer. The photographic process, by which the images of real objects formed in the camera-lucida are delineated on paper, is also employed to make copies of the first limning; the copies being reversed fac-similes of the original, and therefore representing realities as they appear to the eye. This process, termed Calotype, was discovered and practised by Mr. Fox Talbot in 1823—five years before the wonderful invention of the Daguerreotype burst upon the world; but he had not then perfected it sufficiently to make known its results. Since that time, Mr. Talbot has improved his process so as greatly to facilitate its practice; and the Calotype—or Talbotype, as it has been complimentarily called by Mr. Claudet, who employs it for taking portraits—is now become a simple, certain, cheap, and rapid mode of procuring minutely-exact representations of real scenes, objects, and persons, to any extent.

The subjects of the Calotype drawings in the first part of *The Pencil of Nature* are various; a view of one of the Boulevards at Paris, almost equal in distinctness of detail to a Daguerreotype; part of Queen's College, Oxford, showing the abraded surface of the stone front with a strikingly real effect; numerous articles of porcelain, exquisite for the precision with which the forms and patterns are represented; some articles of cut glass, exhibiting with matchless truth the peculiar quality of the lights on transparent substances; and a bust, in which the delicate gradations of light into shade produce an appearance of relief and rotundity which attests the superiority of the "pencil of Nature" to that of art. The neutral tints are of a warm brownish hue, with occasionally a tinge of red or purple; the tint different in every instance, its hue depending on the chemical operation of light on the paper. This variation of tint is rather pleasing than otherwise; for all the varieties are mellow and agreeable to the eye, and much preferable to the metallic glare and livid blackness of Daguerreotype-plates. The images of the Calotype are only inferior to those of the Daguerreotype in this respect—the definition of form is not so sharp, nor are the shadows so pure and transparent. By looking through a magnifying-glass at a Daguerreotype-plate, details imperceptible to the naked eye become visible in the shaded parts; not so with the Calotype drawings—they do not bear looking into. This arises chiefly from the rough texture and unequal substance of the paper; which cannot, of course, present such a delicate image as the finely-polished surface of a silvered plate. This defect, we think, is not so irremediable as may be supposed. The paper being rendered sensitive by frequent washes of chemical liquids, any artificial surface is inevitably destroyed; the perfectly smooth surface desiderated can only be attained by a mathematically-even thickness of its substance. To produce this is impossible as paper is at present made; the stream of liquid pulp of which the paper is composed is lumpy; and in its progress from the liquid to the solid state, it passes over a wire-gauze web, that leaves its impress on one surface and produces inequality of texture. A pulp of macerated rags may not be susceptible of the requisite equality of substance; but there is an invention now in pro-

gress, by which paper is made from straw reduced to pulp, that may possibly yield a substance as delicate in texture, and even in substance, as it is pure in quality and tough in fabric.

Meanwhile, *The Pencil of Nature* affords abundant evidence of the utility of the Calotype process, to the traveller, in fixing the scenes he visits; to the naturalist, in procuring a faithful representation of living and inanimate objects; and to the world at large in preserving the features of those dear to us. Nor should its value to the artist be unnoticed; since the limnings of *The Pencil of Nature* demonstrate the importance of a due knowledge and observance of the distribution of light and shade in delineating every object, and the compatibility of breadth of effect with minuteness of detail in a picture. The triumph of Titian and the old masters is complete indeed, when Nature herself produces pictures exemplifying the soundness of the principles on which they painted.—*Spectator*.

SLAVE-TRADE-SUPPRESSION TREATIES.

IF protocols and parliamentary speeches, hard words and diplomatic correspondence, could put down the slave-trade, it would have been suppressed long ago. But facts show that it is, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel that it is likely to continue, as brisk as ever, in despite of these weapons.

It is clear from Lord Palmerston's own statement, that though the personal character of one governor threw a damp on slave-trade speculation in Cuba for a brief interval, the passion broke out with fresh vigor under his successor. It is evident that the gross amount of the slave-trade has, notwithstanding that temporary check in one quarter, scarcely varied from year to year. The slave-trade treaties, and hence the slave-trade squadrons, have not sensibly checked the slave trade. Sir Robert Peel boasts that a more efficient system of operation is to be directed against it; but he can only quote the favorable opinions of three naval heroes, who devised or who are to be employed in the new plan of attack. Out of a fourth naval authority consulted, after anxious and prolonged study, nothing could be squeezed but the cautious opinion that "it might not eventually succeed, but that there was an infinitely greater chance of its succeeding than by stationing the ships near Brazil and Cuba." He does not appear to have declared it preferable to the mode of proceeding hitherto pursued along the African coast.

The involuntary revelations by Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, of the constant danger to which the slave-trade treaties expose us, were equally striking. Both attempted to show that the irritable state of the public mind in France and America towards this country was not excited by the slave-trade treaties and negotiations alone; but neither could deny that they were important ingredients in the dose of provocation. Each labored hard to shift from his own shoulders to those of his antagonist the blame of contributing the other ingredients; but the operation of this one was not denied. Brazil and Spain are hostile to the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade; France and America are kept by them in a state of unintermitting irascibility; and not one maritime power but England can be said to be positively friendly to them.

It is nothing new to learn that these treaties are impotent for good and fertile in evil; but it is

something to have the truth demonstrated by the set speeches of two rival ministers, each striving to demonstrate that he is the warmest supporter of the system.

How long is the country to persist in this costly and dangerous child's play! In so far as slavery and the slave-trade are concerned, we have washed our hands of them. We have emancipated our slaves, and imposed penalties upon all British subjects convicted of dabbling in slave-speculations. We have found that neither by force nor by negotiation can we induce all our neighbors to follow our example. Are we to go on forever wasting means and energies in efforts that lead to nothing? It will be wiser henceforth to tread our own path regardless of others—to mind our own business, keep our own hands clean, and leave our neighbors to take care of their interests and mend their morals after their own fashion. If our way is the right one—if, as we doubt it not, it is recommended alike by benevolence and enlightened self-regard—other nations will in time be glad to follow our example.—*Spectator*.

RIOTS, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.

THE difference between an European and an American riot is striking. In Bohemia and in Silesia, as in England, riots are the peevish violence of hunger afraid of becoming still hungrier. An American riot is the very wantonness of fullness of bread: "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." The Volunteers of Texas, the Sympathizers of Canada, the Rioters of Philadelphia, get up a row for excitement.

The European riot is the more painful to contemplate. It is easily suppressed; for wealth, health, discipline, and intelligence, are arrayed against it. But men are half-ashamed of striking at hunger-bitten wretches, among whom, if there be some criminals, there are more fools and sufferers. They are ashamed to push back crowds, whose meagre squalor shows the privations they have undergone, into the misery from which they are wildly struggling to get loose. The sense of restored tranquillity is troubled by sympathy for the adversaries they have subdued.

The American riot is perhaps the more dangerous. It is stirred up by vain imaginations; it is a struggle of parties almost on an equality in point of means, personal strength, and discipline. The rioters of Philadelphia had cannon and ammunition; and the military were impromptu soldiers, with little if any more discipline than their opponents. The men who murdered the Mormon prophet Joe Smith, after he had surrendered on a pledge of safety, and the men who attempted to resist that brutal violation of public faith, are in their own state equal in social esteem. A little more excitement, and the British subject M'Leod might have experienced the fate of American Joe Smith, instead of being merely forced back to prison after he had been bailed. An American riot is not a revolt of want and ignorance against wealth and intelligence; it is an insurrection of social self-will against law.

The great problem in politics is to adjust the counteracting forces of control in the government and spontaneous action in the individual. Too much control paralyzes and renders imbecile the national mind; too much spontaneous action in the individual generates anarchy. The time seems approaching in the United States, which will de-

cide whether the doubts entertained by Washington, Hamilton, and the first Adams, of the adequacy of the Democratic constitution carried through by the energy of Jefferson, were not well-founded. The experiment still in progress in the Union is not merely as to the possibility of a republican government, using the phrase in the wide acceptance in which it is applied to the constitutions of Rome, Venice, and the United Provinces, but as to the possibility of a government based upon the theory of human perfectibility and the growing ascendancy of reason. The founders of the United States were under the necessity of adopting a republican government, because no materials existed for any other. But they went further, and adopted institutions to the working of which it is indispensable that an immense majority of the population must be well-educated, orderly characters, and in easy circumstances. So long as the population of the United States continued what it was at the time of the Revolution, such a government was sufficient. The general competence, the general education, the traditionary respect for law acquired under a stronger government, kept the mass orderly, and unruly spirits betook themselves to the back-woods. But in the great emporiums, such as New York, a suffering and degraded class, akin to that which we find in the old cities of Europe, is growing up. The inhabitants of the new Southern States are a very different race from the men of New England, or even those of "the Old Dominion." No inconsiderable part of the population of the Union consists of the waifs and strays who have been cast overboard or fallen out of European society. Will a constitution framed for a nation of philosophers prove adequate to the government of such a motley squad?—*Spectator*.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

How beauteous is this summer eve!

Remote, upon the western sky,
The sun declines; and round him weave
The clouds, a gorgeous canopy.
From fragrant fields, and pastures nigh,
With gentle murmur comes the breeze,
Just kissing, as it passes by,
The shutting flowers, and leafy trees;
A twilight gloom pervades the woods,
Through all their blue-gray solitudes.

And all is still—except the lay
Of blackbird, from the neighboring grove,
Clear hymning forth the dirge of day,
In tones of warm, spontaneous love.
And 'tween its margents, flower inwove,
The stream that gently murmurs on;
Or rustle of the grass, above
The crimson-tinged sepulchral stone;
The shadows of the church profound,
O'erspread the eastward burial ground.

How beauteous!—but more beautiful
The days of vanished years awake,
In burning tints, that render dull
The charms of sky, and wood, and lake.
Though far remote, yet I can slake
At memory's fount my burning thirst,
And feel no spells on earth can break
The idol form I worshipped first;
No second ties of love impart
Such rapture to the vacant heart!

Blackwood's Magazine.

From the Spectator.

THE FRENCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

It is not easy to discover any reasonable grounds for attaching blame or suspicion to the French government for its present position in North Africa; and consequently no reasonable blame belongs to any British cabinet for not attempting to hinder France from assuming that position.

Every independent state is, of necessity, in the first instance the sole judge of the justice and expediency of its own wars. That France discreetly exercised this right of judging for herself when she declared war against Algiers in 1830, there can be little doubt: in the first place, because the government of Algiers was likely enough to give her cause; in the second place, because in none of the many discussions of the subject has any one questioned the propriety of commencing the war. But war having been begun, it was not in the power of France to give any pledge as to what would be its result. So far from blaming Lord Aberdeen, our Foreign Secretary in 1830, for not having elicited any explicit pledge from Prince Polignac on this head, it really seems that he asked and obtained fully as explicit a declaration as one independent government was entitled to ask or obtain of another.

The only valid ground for one state declaring war against another is, to obtain satisfaction for past and security against future injuries. When the injury for which redress is demanded is of sufficient importance to justify a war, it is the right and duty of the injured government not to desist from that war until security for the future has been obtained. Where, as in European states, there is either a competent government or a civilized people out of which such a government can be constructed, the right of territorial conquest, incident to war, has been by common consent relinquished. But even in Europe the right of temporary occupation of a foreign territory, until a government capable of giving security for the future—a government with which treaties can be formed—has been organized, is still asserted by all European powers. And in the case of barbarous or semibarbarous countries, the right of prolonging such occupation indefinitely—so long, it may be, that by prescription sovereignty arises out of occupancy—must frequently be exercised in self-defence. The whole history of British India is rich in precedents.

On this ground the French government is entitled to justify its annexation of Algeria to the empire of France. A legitimate war having been commenced, it must be prosecuted to a satisfactory termination. The experience of every Christian state in turn had shown that treaties with the old Algerine government were utter mockeries. There were no materials in Algeria for constructing another government in its stead. The obsolete claims of the Ottoman Porte, the Divan had no power to enforce. The Moors of the seaboard towns were powerless to control the Arab tribes, and the Arab tribes had not the civilization requisite to form a settled government. France had no alternative but to take the territory and its inhabitants under her own dominion, if she would have security against the repetition of the injuries which had caused the war. The annexation of Algeria to France was necessary as an act of self-defence. France holds Algeria by a title as good as that by which England holds British India, and better than

that by which England held Gibraltar before her title to that territory was fortified by prescription.

In the event of the possible and even probable collision with Morocco, France must of necessity be guided by the same principles upon which she acted in the collision with Algiers. If the sovereignty of Morocco cannot maintain peace on the frontier, France must conquer that peace; and war once begun, must be carried on until security against future aggression is obtained. If Morocco has or obtains a ruler capable of guaranteeing a permanent peace, France, in conformity with the recognized principles of European international law, ought to conclude peace with him. But if there shall be no such ruler—and no society out of which such a ruler can arise—why, then, France in Morocco, following the example of England in India, will have nothing for it but to take and retain possession of Morocco. The disinclination or impotency of the present ruler of Morocco is forcing the French to invade his territory. If the British government can convince him of the danger of permitting aggressions from his frontier on the French territory, or teach him how to prevent them, it is entitled to offer its mediation—not otherwise. If a war between France and Morocco begin, France can give no pledge as to the result: France must, like all belligerent powers, submit her future conduct to the guidance of circumstances.

On one point alone does any British cabinet appear liable to blame for its conduct in respect to the French occupation of Algiers. A government adding to its territory by conquest can only succeed to the rights of the government it overthrows. It must take the new territory subject to all the liabilities of its former rulers to foreign independent states. When the French cabinet came into the place of the Dey, England was entitled to claim from France all the commercial privileges and immunities to which she was entitled under the government of the Dey. Those privileges, guaranteed by treaties and prescription, were not asserted when France introduced new commercial regulations into Algeria, in 1835; and they have been lost by that neglect. The bad consequences of this oversight are now apparent: the omission to resist the imposition of moderate duties in Algeria, by the British cabinet of 1835, has disenabled the present cabinet to resist the increase of those duties in 1844. This warning ought not to be neglected. If English mediation prove fruitless, there must be war between France and Morocco; and if there be war, not even the belligerents, much less any third power, can prescribe how it is to terminate. But the British government can protect British commerce, by announcing its determination, terminate the war how it may, to maintain the commercial rights and privileges actually enjoyed by British subjects in Morocco.

Tales and Sketches of Real Life. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A NEAT and cheap reprint of some American tales. They appear to be designed for juvenile readers; but they have a more forward air about love and other subjects, than is usual in English stories of a similar class; although this gives them greater value as a picture of American manners. We recognize some of the tales as former acquaintances, and it is possible that they have all appeared in this country.—*Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FIRST
EARL OF MALMESBURY.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury: containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second, and the Hague; and his Special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his Grandson, the third Earl. Volumes I. and II.

JAMES HARRIS, first Earl of Malmesbury, a celebrated diplomatist of the last age, was a son of the perhaps better-known Harris the author of *Hermes* and of some philosophical essays whose reputation has survived to this day. The family was wealthy and ancient; but the author of *Hermes* was the first who rose beyond the country-gentleman, to become a member of Parliament and a placeman. When he first took his seat, John Townshend asked who he was, and having been told he had written on Grammar and Harmony, the wit remarked, "Why does he come here, where he will hear neither?"

His son was born in 1746, the day of the battle of Culloden. After some preliminary education at a "dame" and a grammar school, the youth was sent to Winchester, and thence to Oxford. This famous seat of learning he found such as Gibbon had described it; and, nearly forty years afterwards, he declared, almost in the words of the historian,

"The two years of my life I look back to as most unprofitably spent, were those I passed at Merton. The discipline of the University happened also, at this particular moment, to be so lax, that a Gentleman Commoner was under no restraint, and never called upon to attend either lectures, or chapel, or hall. My tutor, an excellent and worthy man, according to the practice of all tutors at that moment, gave himself no concern about his pupils. I never saw him but during a fortnight, when I took into my head to be taught trigonometry."

In 1765 this solemn farce of education ended, and young James Harris was sent to Leyden, where he remained a year and studied in earnest, especially modern European history, diplomacy as contained in international treaties, and the Dutch laws and constitution. He shortly after made a tour through Holland, Prussia and Poland, at a time when the arts of Catherine were preparing for the first partition of that unfortunate country. In the autumn of 1767, Mr. Harris was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Madrid, where, in the absence of his chief, he had to undertake and settle the dispute about the Falkland Islands, distinguished by the pens of Johnson and Junius. This affair established his diplomatic reputation, and, for the better part of the next thirty years, (1771—1797,) Mr. Harris was employed at the most difficult and important courts. From 1771 to 1776, he was minister at Berlin, watching the great Frederick, whom Bute and George the Third had alienated by discarding Pitt and making a separate or treacherous peace. In 1777, Mr. Harris went to

St. Petersburg, in order to stem the diplomatic efforts of Frederick and of France, and with the view of persuading Catherine to embark in hostilities for the sake of helping us through our difficulties with the revolted colonies. The main object of his mission was clearly unattainable; but Mr. Harris gave so much satisfaction by his exertions, and by his power of displaying them in his dispatches, that he was honored with the Order of the Bath, and retained at St. Petersburg in despite of several requests to be recalled. The climate, however, affected his health, and after the restoration of peace he was permitted to return, in the autumn of 1783.

On his arrival in England, the country was convulsed by the Coalition, and although Sir James Harris was a whig, and supported his friend Fox, Pitt rated his diplomatic abilities so highly that he appointed him minister to Holland. In 1788 he was created Baron Malmesbury, though continuing in opposition; but in 1793 he seceded from Fox, with Burke, Lord Spencer, and other whigs, and was soon afterwards sent on a special mission to Berlin. In this undertaking he succeeded so far as to make the king of Prussia admit the validity of the old treaties and sign a new one, but "which he broke almost before the signatures were dry."

"In 1794, Lord Malmesbury received orders to ask of the Duke of Brunswick his daughter in marriage for the Prince of Wales; and having married her Royal Highness by proxy, he accompanied her to England. His account of this transaction shows how little hope he himself had of the happiness of this union; and although he received no discretionary power whatever in the matter, he was never forgiven by the Prince, with whom, until then, he had been on terms of great intimacy and confidence."

In 1796 and 1797, Malmesbury went to Paris and Lisle, to negotiate a peace with the French Republic, but without success. Soon after, he was attacked by deafness, to such a degree as to be rendered, in his own opinion, unfit for public service, and he subsequently declined all further offers of employment. In 1800 he was created an Earl, and Viscount Fitzharris, and spent the remaining twenty years of his life in an enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, passing most of his time between London and his seat of Park Place near Henley. He died in November, 1820, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, taking a thankful retrospect of his past life, and a resigned view of its approaching termination,—according to the last sentences of his journal, written only a fortnight before his death.

"Thou hast completed thy seventy-fourth year, having been permitted to live longer than any of thy ancestors as far back as 1606. Thy existence has been without any great misfortune, and without any acute disease, and has been one for which thou ought'st to be extremely grateful. Be so, in praise and thanksgiving towards the Supreme Being, and by preparing thyself to employ the remnant of it 'wisely and discreetly.' Thy next

step will probably be the last. Strive not to delay the period of its arrival, nor lament at its near approach. Thou art too exhausted, both in mind and body, to be of service to thy country, thy friends, or family. Thou art fortunate in leaving thy children well and happy; be content to join thy parent Earth calmly, and with becoming resignation. Such is thy imperious duty.—Vale."

As a diplomatist, Lord Malmesbury's reputation ranked very high, not only among friends but enemies. Talleyrand observed of him, to the present earl, that "Lord Malmesbury était le plus habile ministre que vous aviez de son temps; c'était inutile de le devancer; il falloit le suivre de près. Si on lui laissoit le dernier mot, il avoit toujours raison." And Mirabeau, from Berlin, under circumstances not to be suspected of compliment, characterized him as the "audacieux et rusé Harris." Boldness and subtlety were indeed the leading features of mind which he possessed from nature, together with a cool yet sanguine temperament, and the penetration which forms what is expressly called a "good judge of character." These natural qualifications he had cultivated by some study of the literature of diplomacy; his early training and long experience rendered him well versed in the forms and etiquette of the profession; whilst the same facilities made him an adept in the arts of a courtier. Indeed, if we rightly interpret a passage in the correspondence, he, by the advice of his friend Potemkin, carried his flattery of the Empress Catherine to such a pitch as to draw some remark from home.

He seems, as was natural, to have rather overrated his profession, and to have ascribed more power to it than it can ever possess. Diplomacy, according to the notions of diplomatists, seems at best but the art of driving cunning bargains; and, like many cunning bargains in private transactions, they either turn out to be no advantage at all, or if made by ignorance, or by imprudence or necessity under pressure, give occasion to costly quarrels when their real nature comes to be understood, or leave the bargain-drivers in the lurch at the moment of action. To sound or conciliate a minister, to bribe a secretary, to circumvent an opponent, to please a potentate, and to fill paper with plausible but scarcely attainable plans, seemed with Lord Malmesbury a substitute for that large comprehension of affairs, which, basing alliance upon mutual interests and permanent circumstances, renders a treaty secure because its basis is natural. And it is this nature of things which triumphs in the long run, in despite of art, cajolery, weakness, temper, or passion.

If we wanted any proof of this opinion, we should find it in the career of this "le plus habile ministre de son temps." He can scarcely be said to have succeeded in any mission he undertook beyond the mere diplomatic result of putting words upon paper. His share in the settlement of the Falkland Islands dispute does not appear to have been considerable. In fact, the thing had the *go-by* given to it, from the circumstances of the dis-

putants. Each party was averse to war. Spain proposed a shuffling arrangement, and England bore her part in the shuffle. At Berlin, with Frederick the Great, much profit in the way of diplomacy was not expected: the functions of the ambassador were limited to the proper objects of diplomacy—the transmission of intelligence and court scandal, the report of the minister's judgment on the characters and disposition of the monarch and his courtiers, together with the transacting of the public business of the two countries. At St. Petersburg Mr. Harris failed altogether in the principal object of his mission; and he can scarcely be said to have succeeded in anything, because it was clearly not the interest of Russia to grant his demands. He commenced with the modest proposal of an alliance *offensive* and *defensive*, although from the circumstances of the two countries the wars of one can scarcely ever *a priori* be considered as necessary wars of the other. At that particular period, we had plunged ourselves into the American war, with which Russia would immediately have been called upon to interfere; the next year she would have been embroiled with France; the year after with Spain, and finally with Holland; and all for no Russian purpose whatever. It may be said, indeed, her first junction might have prevented France, Spain, and Holland, from uniting with America; but this is questionable. The alliance with Russia would rather have been diplomatic than real: her fleet was unprepared—the ships it would have to be composed of rotten, and her sailors without courage or skill. It does not appear that she could have spared many land forces, and they would only have gone as mercenaries; which might have been hired nearer home. Unless France and Spain had been frightened by the phrases of the treaty of alliance, Russia would have had her share of the losses and disgraces of her ally without any purpose of her own in view. Instead of this, and in despite of diplomacy, she set up the armed neutrality, the terms of which were a sore to us a warlike maritime nation, and a gain to her as a trading one.

In Holland Lord Malmesbury was highly successful; but scarcely as a diplomatist, unless that term means *anything*. When he went to the Hague, a strong faction, called the Patriots, animated by a democratic spirit, was aiming at a total overthrow of the existing government, by displacing, and some talked of beheading, the Statholder. In their plans they were assisted by the timidity and dissensions of the respectable party, by the independence which the federal system constitutionally gives to each province or state, and by the intrigues of the French. The object of the English minister was to counterwork this, and support the Prince of Orange and the constitution. The end was eventually attained; but not by legitimate diplomatic means. Lord Malmesbury was rather a conspirator, or a Dutch party chief, than an ambassador. Disregarding ministers, he

assembled round him national and provincial deputies and partisans of the "right sort;" he devised plans for legislative, municipal, and armed resistance; he supported newspapers and published pamphlets; he negotiated a loan for one of the right-minded provinces; he imported arms and ammunition, and had got matters to such a point that he could write—"Would it lead to any good, or did I foresee the remotest prospect of success, I could, by lifting up a finger, raise a popular insurrection. More than half the body of burghers in this province, and the whole body of peasants, are ripe for revolt." The war, however, was begun by the patriots, and ended by a Prussian army marching into Holland to avenge the arrest of the Princess of Orange, the King of Prussia's sister; when the patriots, left to themselves, dispersed and submitted.

These remarks apply to diplomacy in general, and are not levelled at Lord Malmesbury, who only could not achieve impossibilities. Besides the professional qualities already mentioned, he possessed a clear business head, great sagacity, and keen powers of observation, as well as a sound and practical view of affairs, which enabled him to chalk out a successful line of action, where events were not too large or too strong for his control. He was also frank and straightforward in his dealings. The currier, however, did not always get beyond his leather: Lord Malmesbury seems sometimes to have thought that nations existed to make treaties.

The present publication, though consisting of two ample volumes, does not appear to be a completion of the Malmesbury papers; for it breaks off abruptly with 1793, leaving three of the hero's missions untouched. Besides a brief Memoir of his grandfather by the present earl, the volumes contain extracts from the Journal of Lord Malmesbury during his first and youthful tour on the Continent; an account of his journey from Bourdeaux to Madrid, and extracts from his official correspondence whilst Secretary to the Spanish Embassy. These exhibit considerable abilities and powers of observation in so young a man; and the political picture of Poland is curious, as well as some of the anecdotes at Berlin. The rest, however, is the valuable part of the work, and ranks the Malmesbury Correspondence and Diaries among the most various, interesting, and instructive family papers that have been published. Their form is that of a selection from the writer's official despatches and letters during his residence as minister at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and the Hague, with some brief extracts from Lord Malmesbury's Diary during his residences in England,—the first time, when Pitt had succeeded to the Coalition Ministry; the second time, in 1792. But the mere statement of the nature of the materials can give no idea of their character, which is very opposite to that of official papers in general. There was nothing in Lord Malmesbury of the dry and lifeless automaton into which the diplo-

matist often sinks, or the pompous phrasemonger into which he sometimes swells. Unless the nature of the matter absolutely forbade it, his *despatches* are vivid and natural; whilst the *letters* which accompany and explain them are full of personal sketches, characteristic anecdotes, accounts of royal parties, tales of scandal, and reports of a curious and sometimes of a dramatic kind, bearing strongly upon the characters of the court, though not always of a strictly business cast. The style too, or rather the tone, is perfect—never dull or solemn even in its seriousness, and never in the most ludicrous or sportive matter devoid of a courtier-like *retenue*. It is possible that his despatches as much as successes contributed to his reputation with his own court. His communications appear to have been constantly read by the king, who frequently expressed his approbation. Compared with much of what his Majesty had to peruse, they must have been very *amusing* reading.

In our extracts from this rich store of secret history, we shall make no attempt at conveying any idea of the extent or variety of its matter, but draw pretty freely on some of its more striking anecdotes.

A MUSICAL MONARCH.

The chief amusement of the King of Prussia is playing on the flute; which he does in a masterly manner. I had an opportunity of hearing him for a long time as I was waiting in his antechamber, to be presented to him.

Though no person is ever permitted to be present at his concerts but the performers, and some very few others, yet so afraid is he of playing false, that when he is to try some new piece of music, he shuts himself up some hours beforehand in his closet to practise it; and even then, when he begins it with the accompaniments he always trembles.

He has a very fine collection of these instruments, and is particularly nice in the keeping of them. He has appointed a man who has nothing else to do but look after them, and preserve them dry or moist as the season requires. They are all made by the same man, and he pays a hundred ducats for each flute. In the last war, when he distributed false money to every one, he took care that his flute-maker should be paid in good coin, fearing that otherwise he would impose upon him and give him bad instruments.

A HERO AT HOME.

Berlin, 7th March, 1775.

My accounts from Potsdam mention that his Prussian Majesty was never, at any one period of his life, known to be so uncommonly out of humor as at present. This appears not only from his conversation but from his actions. He broke his flute, a few days ago, on the head of his favorite hussar; and is very liberal in kicking and cuffing those employed about his person. He is peevish at his meals, says little in his evening conversations, and is affable to nobody. His spirits seem likewise dejected; and although he affects to attend to business with as much ardor as usual, it is evident to those who see him constantly, that he sets about it with less alacrity. * * * * *

Berlin, Saturday, 11th March, 1775.

I hear various strange reasons alleged for the present uncommon peevishness of his Prussian Majesty's temper. Among several other incredible foibles in so great a character, he has that of not entirely disbelieving judicial astrology; and I am told, from one whose authority is not despicable, that the apprehension of a prediction pronounced by a Saxon fortune-teller his Majesty was weak enough some time ago to consult, being this year fulfilled, dwells on his mind, and augments the sourness of a disposition naturally crabbed. It will be unfortunate for his subjects if these kind of fears increase, as he will necessarily become suspicious and cruel, and be what hitherto he never has been, a tyrant *en détail*. I should have paid no attention to these reports, which savor so much of the nursery, had I not myself observed him displeased at a mourning-coat at his levee, and seen him visibly alter his countenance on being informed of any man's dying a sudden death.

AN HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

Berlin, Saturday, 1st July, 1775.

The Prince of Prussia has nothing in his figure which denotes a person of superior talents or genius. Tall and robust, without grace, he has more the air of a stout foot-soldier than that of a great prince. Constrained and watched to a degree by his uncle, it is difficult to say whether silence and reserve are natural or acquired habits in him. It is certain these strongly characterize him, not only at court and before people of high rank, but even when he forgets he is a prince and frequents lower company; which, through the pains he takes to be constantly in it, appears to amuse him; yet even there, he never expresses his satisfaction otherwise than by encouraging his companions to be as loud and clamorous as possible, and to lay aside every respect due to him as their future sovereign. His favorite mistress, formerly a stage-dancer, presides at these revels, and takes the lead in all the scenes of indecent mirth which pass there. She is large in her person, spirited in her looks, loose in her attire, and gives a true idea of a perfect bacchanalian. He is liberal to her to a degree, and she alone spends the full income he receives from the king. She makes, indeed, the best return in her power for such generosity; for at the same time she assures him that he has the sole possession of her affections, she by no means exacts the same fidelity from him, but endeavors, as far as lies in her power, to satisfy his desires, whenever from fickleness or satiety they fix themselves on some new object; and in this profession she is so dexterous as never to suffer him to become acquainted with any woman who is likely to be her rival in the dominion she has over him. Her choice, and fortunately for her his, is generally among those of the lowest kind. The pursuit of these pleasures, the only ones for which he has any turn, employs the greatest part of his leisure; the rest of his time is spent either at the parade, in attendance on the king, or in dressing,—an article in which, whenever he can venture to lay aside his uniform, he is refined and delicate to a degree. He is even at the expense of keeping a favorite valet de chambre, by name *Espère en Dieu*, constantly between Potsdam and Paris, for no other purpose than to give him the earliest information of any alteration in the fashions; and as *Espère en Dieu* collects his intelligence solely from his brethren the hair-

dressers, so those who follow his instructions may very easily be mistaken for one of this class.

We will pass from Prussia to Russia; of whose condition both ministerial and moral the envoy draws but an indifferent picture.

RUSSIAN MINISTERS AND MONARCH, 1778.

You will not credit me when I tell you Count Panin does not devote more than half an hour in the twenty-four to business; and that Mr. Oakes, having been robbed of a considerable sum of money, found the lieutenant de police, the first magistrate of the empire, and whose power is immense, at seven o'clock in the morning playing at *la grand patience*, with a dirty pack of cards, by himself.

The interior of the court presents a similar scene of dissipation and inattention: age does not deaden the passions—they rather quicken with years; and, on a closer approach, I find report had magnified the eminent qualities and diminished the foibles of one of the greatest ladies in Europe.

IMPERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

Petersburg, 29th May, (9th June,) 1778.

My Lord—The interior of the palace affords a very singular scene. Zoritz, [the discarded favorite,] though most munificently rewarded, is not pacified; and, although dismissed, remains in town with all the honors of a favorite. The bold language he held to the empress makes her cautious of irritating so turbulent a spirit: the uncertain and anxious state of her mind is incredible. Orlov, some days ago, remonstrated with her on the effects her conduct must sooner or later produce. She appeared for a moment reclaimed, and sent an order for Sabadowsky [a former favorite] to return to court, fully intending to reinstate this plain and quiet man in his ancient post. Potemkin, however, who is thoroughly acquainted with her character, and who has more cunning for effecting the purposes of the day than any man living, contrived to upset these good resolutions. Korsak was introduced at a critical moment; and, while I am now writing, her Imperial Majesty is at a village of Potemkin's on the confines of Finland, endeavoring to forget her own cares and those of the empire in the society of her new minion, whose vulgar name of Korsak is already changed into the better-sounding one of Korsakoff.

Two months after this settlement, the difficulties were renewed.

Petersburg, August 10, (21,) 1778.

My Lord—The new favorite is very much on his decline. There are several competitors for his employment; some supported by Prince Potemkin; some by Prince Orlov and Count Panin, who now act together; and some solely from the impression their figure has made on the mind of the empress. Both parties unite to prevent the success of these independent men; but she seems strongly disposed to choose for herself. Potemkin, whose insolence equals his power, was so angry not to have the sole disposal of this office, that he absented himself from court for several days. The fate of these young gentlemen still remains undecided, though it appears settled that Korsakoff should be sent to Spa for his health.

Personally the envoy soon became acceptable to the empress; though he was unable to obtain

any great diplomatic advantages from her esteem. An example of her partiality and of his own conversational powers may be gathered from a little incident which introduces our old acquaintance the "stout foot-soldier." Frederick had sent his nephew to St. Petersburg, to make an impression; and a pretty impression he made, notwithstanding "Espère en Dieu."

Petersburg, 15th (26th) September, 1780.

Your lordship will perceive, from the manner in which the Prince of Prussia passes his time, how little progress he makes. The greatest pains were taken yesterday to induce the empress to have an entertainment at court; but she absolutely refused it. On Sunday she broke off abruptly her card-party; and, as I was sitting next to her, gave me clearly to understand, that it was from her being worn-out by the heaviness of the Prince of Prussia, who sat on the other side of her.

Ten days later, matters were worse.

I have been for these three days witness to such slights and inattention she has shown him, that I have been amazed at his patience and temper. Tuesday, at Monsieur Nariskin's, master of the horse, she neither played nor asked him to sup at her table; to which she admitted none but myself, her favorite, and Prince Potemkin. Yesterday, at the masquerade, she appeared under the mask, and immediately on her coming in took me to accompany her through the apartments, saying, 'Ne me quittez pas de toute la soirée; je vous ai fait chevalier, et je veux que vous me défendiez contre les ennuyeux.' She stayed from seven till ten, and took not the smallest notice of the prince, nor any of his followers; nor indeed scarce of any one but Lady Harris and myself. Your lordship may easily guess how these distinctions alarm my enemies, and create envy and jealousy in my colleagues. I feel myself most unfortunate that, while I enjoy these distinctions in such an uncommon degree, I cannot derive from them the only advantages I am solicitous about; that nothing I undertake succeeds; and that those she evidently despises and ill-treats appear to direct her political conduct and sentiments.

The following incident is on a par with the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, and would require a Shaksperian mind to develop it properly. Prince Orlov, it may be remembered, had been the "favorite," and the most trusted minister of the empress, as well as one of the murderers of her husband Peter the Third.

RETRIBUTION.

Two motives of a very different nature affect, at this moment, the empress' mind very strongly, and cast a dark cloud over the course of ambition and glory she seemed to be so prosperously running. The one arises from the humiliating and offensive reasons the monied men in Holland publicly assign for refusing to grant her a loan of six millions she is soliciting, or in any shape to increase the trifling debt she already owes them. The other proceeds from a most unfortunate accident which has happened to Prince Orlov, who is returned to this capital after an absence of a few months, in a state of perfect insanity. The con-

duct of the Amsterdammers raises her indignation, hurts her pride, and justly alarms her, lest the credit of her empire should be injured by the rude manner in which they assert that its riches and resources are both equally imaginary and precarious: the other impresses her with the deepest concern; and it should appear that at no period of her life her feelings were so strongly and painfully moved as by this melancholy event, which has befallen her earliest favorite, and a man who at all times has been the first object of her affections, if not of her passions.

Her conduct has been one of the most boundless regard, carried even to weakness. She absolutely forbids any harsh methods to be employed, rejects all ideas of confinement or discipline; and hoping, against all precedent, to restore him by gentleness and indulgence, she suffers him not only to visit and be visited, but admits him at all hours and in all dresses, whether she is alone, in company, or engaged in the most important concerns, to her presence. His situation of mind, when he is there, his wild and incoherent discourse, ever affect her to tears, and discompose her so entirely, that for the remainder of the day she can enjoy neither pleasure nor business. She is sometimes exposed to hear the most unwelcome of all language; and a few nights ago he exclaimed of a sudden, that remorse and compunction of conscience had deprived him of his senses, and that the share he had in a transaction long since past had brought down on him the judgment of Heaven. Your Lordship may easily guess to what a cruel recollection such expressions in his mouth must give rise, and how intimately connected the tranquillity of her conscience must be with that of his.

There are many other passages of a curious character relating to the Russian court, especially some sketches of that very singular personage Potemkin, which we should be glad to extract; but, passing Holland altogether, we must get home. Lord Malmesbury, who, as we have seen, was a friend of George Prince of Wales, was several times consulted by him upon his pecuniary difficulties. Of these interviews Lord Malmesbury has left very striking minutes. They exhibit the same characteristics displayed by King George the Fourth forty years afterwards in his communications to Lord Eldon on the Catholic question—that of a foolish person in trouble, without any rational plan; with some idle schemes, prompted by some covert fancy, and ever reiterating "What can I do?" Between the first and second meetings in 1785, Harris had received some "vague assurances from Lord Carmarthen that [the] ministry would not be averse to increase his Royal Highness' income, providing he would consent to appropriate a share of it to liquidate his debts, renounce going abroad, and be reconciled to the king." The only *avowed* objections to Harris' proposals were, that the king *hated* the prince; that Pitt would not undertake the proposition, or that if he did the king would turn him out. The whole is too long to quote, but the substance is as we have stated. The interview then continued.

"P.—Why, my dear Harris, will you force me to repeat to you that the *king hates me*? He will never be reconciled to me.

"H.—It cannot be, sir. If you order me, I will ask an audience of him, and fling myself at his feet.

"P.—I love you too well to encourage you to undertake so useless a commission. If you will not credit me, you will, perhaps, credit the king himself. Take and read all our correspondence for these last six months.

"The prince here opened an *escritoire*, and took out a large bundle of papers, which he read to me. It consisted of various letters which had passed between him and the king, beginning with that in which he asked his leave to go abroad in autumn 1784, as mentioned in my first conversation.

"It is needless to attempt to relate precisely the contents of this correspondence; it is sufficient to observe that the prince's letters were full of respect and deference, written with great plainness of style and simplicity. Those of the king were also well written, but harsh and severe; constantly refusing every request the prince made, and reproaching in each of them his extravagance and dissipated manner of living. They were void of every expression of parental kindness or affection; and, after both hearing them read and perusing them myself, I was compelled to subscribe to the prince's opinion, and to confess there was very little appearance of making any impression on his Majesty in favor of his Royal Highness. I resumed, however, the conversation as follows.

"H.—I am hurt to a degree, sir, at what I have read. But still, sir, the queen must have a reconciliation so much at heart, that through her and your sisters it surely might be effected.

"P.—Look ye, Harris: I cannot bring myself to say I am in the wrong when I am in the right. The king has used me ill; and I wish the public knew what you now know, and was to pronounce between us.

"H.—I should be very sorry, indeed, sir, if this was known beyond these walls; for I am much mistaken if the public would not pronounce a judgment widely different from that you think. It is not sufficient, sir, for the king to be wrong in *one* point: sir, unless you are in the right in *all*, and as long as any part of your conduct is open to censure, the voice of the public (considering your relative situations) will always go with the king.

"P.—That is a cruel truth, if it be true what you say; but it is of no use to investigate it; my case never will go to that tribunal. You are, however, convinced of the impracticability of your scheme, as much, I hope, as I am of your kind regard in proposing it to me.

"H.—I would not willingly renounce an idea which by its accomplishment is to relieve your Royal Highness from a state of distress, and, I may say, discredit, and place you in one of affluence and comfort. May I suggest, sir, the idea of your marrying? It would, I should think, be most agreeable to the king, and I am certain, most grateful to the nation.

"P.—(with *vehemence*)—I never will marry! My resolution is taken on that subject. I have settled it with Frederick. No, I never will marry!

"H.—Give me leave to say, sir, most respectfully, that you cannot have really come to such a resolution; and you *must* marry, sir: you owe it to the country, to the king, to yourself.

"P.—I owe nothing to the king. Frederick will marry, and the crown will descend to his children; and as for myself, I do not see how it affects me.

"H.—Till you are married, sir, and have children, you have no solid hold on the affections of the people, even while you are Prince of Wales; but if you come to the throne a bachelor, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York is married and has sons to succeed you, your situation when king will be more painful than it is at this moment. Our own history furnishes strong examples of the truth of what I say.

"The prince was greatly struck with this observation. He walked about the room, apparently angry. I moved towards the door, saying, 'I perceive, sir, I have said too much: you will allow me to withdraw. I am sure I shall be forgiven an hour hence.'

"P.—You are forgiven now, my dear Harris. I am angry with myself, not with you. Don't question me any more. I will think of what you said. Adieu. God bless you."

Note by the diplomatist when he had found the key—

"I left England in June, and saw the prince no more in private. In December following a report took place, of the prince having formed a serious connexion (it was called marriage) with Mrs. Fitzherbert; and in March, 1786, he declared his resolution of setting aside 30,000*l.* a year to pay his debts, and reduced his establishment, sold his horses, &c.

"It is clear to me both these ideas were in his mind when he spoke with me, and that the great obstacle in the way of his accepting my proposal was Mrs. Fitzherbert."

The extracts from the Diaries of 1792-93 are of a very interesting character; involving the history of English party from the time when the old whig dissatisfaction against Fox seems first to have broken out in a conversational speech of Burke at a private meeting at Burlington House, nearly up to the public secession of the whole party and their junction with Pitt. This break was preceded by various negotiations with Pitt, or among the old whigs themselves. The premier aimed at a fair union of parties, with the object of combining the "strength and utility" of the country: he offered to the in-comers the disposal of four great posts, including the chancellorship, besides lesser patronage. This coalition was prevented by the peevishness, temper, and "impracticability" displayed by Fox—according to Lord Malmesbury on this occasion only; his ostensible reason being, that Pitt was insincere and merely aimed at disuniting the opposition. When this negotiation was broken off, the whigs began to differ among themselves. The aristocratical portion were dissatisfied with the principles Fox maintained, and with his leaning to Grey, Lambton and the extreme reforming party; and they urged an open disavowal. The head of this party, the Duke of Portland, was greatly under the influence of Fox and old associations, and very weak in character; so that, although giving his consent in private, he was shaken in his resolution when the great orator

talked to him, and could not be brought to screw up his courage to a public speech; but, without a will of his own, almost *shuffled* along doing nothing. The details of all this must be read in the book; for, though highly curious, yet being memorandums from a diary, they are too curt for effective display with the space left to us.

Assuming that these papers will be completed, we shall look with interest for their continuation. The letters relating to the Brunswick mission will above all be valuable, as throwing light upon a much-mooted question of royal history, and curious as exhibiting a judgment upon Caroline before she became Princess of Wales, by the keenest of observers and most competent of judges. We trust that no mistaken delicacy will prevent Lord Malmesbury from placing his ancestor's views fully before the public; a hope we are the more inclined to indulge from the spirit and ability displayed by his editorship of these volumes,—displayed in a way, too, that very few can perceive or appreciate, because it consists in doing only what is necessary, and consequently leaving very little "to show."

The Alpaca; its naturalization in the British Isles considered as a national benefit, and as an object of immediate utility to the farmer and manufacturer. By WILLIAM WALTON.

THE object of this publication is to urge the introduction into this country of the Alpaca, one of the four varieties of Peruvian animals—part sheep, part goat, part camel. Mr. Walton's recommendation of the Alpaca over its other domesticated variety, the better-known Llama, is the superiority of its wool, meat, and constitution; for, as he truly observes, we do not want the Llama for a beast of burden. The book (founded on a successful prize-competing essay, written for the Highland and Agricultural Society) brings together a variety of information respecting the natural history of the species, and the different success that has attended their introduction in this country, as curiosities for menageries or parks, together with two experiments upon a small scale, in the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, to treat them with a view to naturalization. To these facts Mr. Walton adds some judicious criticisms on the different modes of management adopted by the English breeders, and a good many expositions of the national importance of the subject to our farmers, manufacturers, and the carnivorous portion of the community.

The author, as was to be expected, displays some enthusiasm towards his hobby; underrating the difficulties of rearing and acclimatizing the animals, and overrating the worth of the carcass,—for we cannot hold the hardy early Spanish adventurers, or our own sailors wearied of ship-provisions, the best of judges as to delicacy of flavor. The fleece, however, is of great value in manufactures. The South American supply is insufficient to meet the demand; the Alpaca wool is admitted by all Mr. Walton's correspondents to increase in quantity and improve in quality in this country; and the animal would displace no other stock. Its natural place is the barren lands of high hills or mountains, though it will thrive, at least in Peru, in lowlands, if not of too rich a pasture.

Whatever should be the result of the experi-

ment, we think it is worth trying; and upon a larger scale than has yet been done, if it is to have a fair trial: deaths above the average in a very small flock destroy all chance of success. Those who desire to experimentalize will of course thoroughly inquire into the subject; but three points seem vital. To secure a pure breed and not permit crossing: the majority of the possessors of the animals in this country have indiscriminately crossed the Alpaca and the Llama, producing mules, which do not propagate. Do not *coddle* the animals, or shut them up: do not over-feed them, or allow too rich a diet even of grass. They will require great care and judgment; but care and judgment are to be shown in adapting their new condition as much as possible to that of their native habitat, not by killing them with kindness.—*Spectator*.

DIRGE

OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF, EXECUTED AFTER THE REBELLION.

Son of the mighty and the free!
Loved leader of the faithful brave!
Was it for high ranked chief like thee,
To fill a nameless grave!
Oh, had thou slumbered with the slain,
Had Glory's death-bed been thy lot,
E'en though on red Culloden's plains,
We then had mourned thee not!

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,
That morn whose sun-beams rose so fair;
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,
The watch-word of despair!
Yet, oh! if gallant spirit's power
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory marked thy parting hour,
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;
Those beams that gild thy native walls
Are sleeping on thy tomb.
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the loved scenes may vainly smile,
Not e'en thy dust is there!

On thy blue hills no bugle sound
Is mingling with the torrent's roar;
Unmarked, the red deer sports around—
Thou lead'st the chase no more.
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,
Those halls where swelled the choral strain,
They hear the whirlwinds murmuring shrill,
And all is hushed again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,
His fire, his joy of song is past;
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,
His saddest and his last;
No other theme to him was dear,
Than lofty deeds of thine:
Hushed be the strain thou canst not hear,
Last of a mighty line!

Edinburgh Annual Register.

From the United Service Journal.

ST. PETERSBURG.

BY COL. CAMERON.

A FEW days after my return to the capital, down came the winter in good earnest; in one night the Neva was frozen over, and four-and-twenty hours afterwards crossed in a variety of thoroughfares to the opposite side of the city.

Sledges and ice-hills now quickly came into play. The latter is a species of winter amusement very much in vogue among all ranks, sizes, ages, and sexes in the northern metropolis, and is similar to what many of my readers are, in all probability, familiar with, as prevailing several years ago in Paris, under the denomination of "Les Montagnes Russe;" that, however, was far less frolicsome and exciting than the present, of which the following is a slight description.

A rough scaffolding being erected on the ice, with a slope sufficiently steep, is covered over with snow, down which are thrown several buckets of water, which being perfectly frozen within a few hours afterwards, a small light sledge, sufficiently large to hold one, or sometimes two persons, is dragged to the summit, when, upon being seated, a slight kick sends the vehicle flying with a velocity absolutely petrifying to the charioteer, who, half blinded with the rapidity with which he shoots along, on reaching the bottom of the declivity begins to entertain some idea he is never going to stop; at least such was my own impression, and led me to believe for the moment I was about making an involuntary second visit to Cronstadt. Gradually, however, the sledge decreased its swiftness of motion, and then came to a halt. On the progress of the conveyance being arrested, its occupant jumps up, (pretty sharply, too, if he would not incur the risk of being charged in the rear by the next comer, who may, perchance, have been despatched on his excursion with a stronger impetus than himself,) and seizing the rope attached to it, drags the sledge back to its starting point; it being considered as unsportsmanlike and derogatory to discharge this somewhat porterlike office by deputy.

It certainly is an inspiring, invigorating exercise, and on the occasion of any grand fête, when the Neva is filled with groups of every description, from the Imperial family to the peasant, the picture it presents is equally novel as agreeable.

At length the grand day of the presentation arrived, and a very important one it was, too, judging by the rolling of drums and the clash of arms, as the various guards paid their devoirs to princes, generals, and ministers in quick succession, as they rolled onward in their gorgeous state equipages to the palace of the Hermitage, where, since the destruction of the magnificent and unrivalled Winter Palace by fire, in 1837, the court has usually been held.

Lord Clanricarde proceeded at an early hour, and on our arrival the party was conducted to the saloon of private *entrée*, passing through that of the general *assemblée*, now filled with a brilliant and dazzling display of uniforms, and every variety of magnificent costume.

The apartment into which we were ushered is one possessive of a singular, I might almost say a painful, degree of interest. When the allies first occupied Paris, in 1814, and the Emperor Alexander had made his appearance in that capital, the admired of all observers, and surrounded by all

the lavish adulation paid to a powerful and successful monarch, in that hour of triumph, in that period of glorious intoxication, a whispered murmur reached him that one, the beautiful, the elegant, the humane, and the beneficent, whose influence over her stern husband was never exerted for aught but good,—the bright star of his destiny, with whom began his career of successful glory, and estranged from whom commenced his even yet more rapid fall,—was dying, neglected and deserted, (all having, in the terror of the moment, forsaken her, with the exception of two or three old domestics,) in the palace of Malmaison!

In that instant, triumph, war, ambition, all was forgotten, and throwing himself into a carriage, accompanied by his confidential physician, Sir James Wyllie, he drove with the speed of lightning to the chateau; on arriving at which, and demanding entrance, he was ushered into a beautiful and exquisitely-furnished apartment, reclining upon a couch in which lay the faded, yet still lovely, Empress Josephine!

A glance at once satisfied Sir James that all assistance was hopeless, (indeed, she only survived till the next morning,) but the attentive and considerate kindness displayed by the amiable-minded autocrat in the course of his visit, so completely soothed the mind of the dying empress, that, as a slight testimony of her regard, she begged his acceptance of all that the room (her own favorite boudoir) contained.

After her decease these effects were carefully removed to St. Petersburg, and in the saloon where we were now assembled the whole were arranged exactly as at Malmaison. The paintings were most beautiful, and never, even in Italy, do I remember to have witnessed a collection of such choice and perfect gems of art.

I was still gazing upon a small but exquisitely-finished Madonna, a masterpiece from the hand of Guido, (and whose Madonnas are like his!) when a stir without announced the approach of the imperial party, and almost the same moment the folding-doors at the extremity of the apartment were thrown open, and preceded respectively by a perfect squadron of chamberlains and demoiselles d'honneur, the former blazing with gold and embroidery, and the latter wearing the rich and singularly-pleasing Russian national costume, the emperor and empress entered.

Each passing round the circle formed to receive them, entered into familiar conversation with every new arrival as he was presented by his respective ambassador. I was the only military stranger, and on my name being announced by Lord Clanricarde, was minutely questioned by His Imperial Majesty on a variety of points connected with the discipline and interior economy of the British and Indian armies, in a manner which showed him well acquainted with both.

The empress, mild, benignant, dignified, as the softened tones of her voice fell upon the stranger's ear, he could no longer wonder at the veneration her character and presence everywhere inspired, and which volumes could not tell so fully as the artless simple description of a beautiful English girl, who, constantly in the society of the imperial family during their stay at Ems, exclaimed, "She was the most loveable being in the world."

On the breaking up of the court I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the highest degree of cordiality, by several persons whom till then I had never previously beheld, but who now

reminded me of my having brought letters to them from their various relatives in Moscow, and other parts of the empire!—Whew—

"Tis strange what a wonderful deal of *éclat* Is caused by the smile of the great Autocrat."

Of course, however, I did not fail to make suitable acknowledgments, and was leaving the room, when a stout good-humored looking gentleman accosted me with—

"His Imperial Majesty, sir, has commanded me to invite you to the ball this evening, for which a card will be immediately despatched to your hotel. Ahem! (and he glanced at my boots and pantaloons,) you are, of course, provided with the requisite costume?"

I was well aware to what costume he alluded, having been previously informed it was the etiquette of the Russian court for all ranks and persons, with the exception of lancers, hussars, and Cossacks, to appear in that most uncomfortable of all branches of unmentionable wearing apparel, familiarly denominated "cut-shorts!"

In answer, I begged to represent to the great chamberlain, (for it was no less a person who addressed me,) my extreme regret that wearing the appendages in question, however consonant to the forms and customs of the Russian court, was strictly prohibited by the *code militaire* of the British army.

"Oh! sir," replied my stout friend, "in that case it is unnecessary, as no infringement upon military rule is ever desired here."

On returning to my quarters I found my writing-table literally covered with invitations for balls, fêtes, and dinners innumerable, and Mrs. W— herself, in *propria persona*, superintending some alterations she had directed to be made in the sitting-room.

"Bless me, sir," was her opening salutation, "the servants say that all the great men of the place have been inquiring after you. I don't know much about that myself, but certainly two or three of them are the ugliest people I ever saw in my life!"

I could not refrain from smiling at my respected friend's *extempore* essay upon the relative merits of personal attraction, but hinted, as the opinion in question, however true in the abstract, was not very generally conceived to be the most agreeable to the parties concerned, a little less candor, however reprehensible in some matters, would be highly advisable in this.

I dined in the evening with the family of my friend, Mr. L—, they having kindly volunteered to take me to the ball with them, and to which we drove at a somewhat early period.

It was now, indeed, that I had a full opportunity of observing the splendor of the Russian court. In the morning, with the exception of our hurried passage through the grand reception-room, no opportunity for observation had occurred, excepting in the saloon of private *entrée*; now, however, the blaze of magnificence which burst upon the view was utterly beyond description, and rendered all that I had previously witnessed in the other courts of Europe a mere bagatelle in comparison; but if the rich paintings, the exquisite statuary, the innumerable works of the choicest vertu, in which the rarest malachite seemed as general as the most ordinary material in other lands, the costliest mirrors, columns, and ceilings, brilliant with all that taste could execute and

wealth could command, if this united display, mingled with the gorgeous *habits de la cour*, superb uniforms, and various striking costumes, formed a picture dazzling and wonderful to the eye of a stranger, there was another circumstance still more striking, especially to an Englishman, remembering the ultra stiff formality of his own court, and that the one in which he stood was representative of the most absolute government in the world,—and this was the urbanity, kindness, and condescension of the emperor, empress, and the whole of the Imperial family, who, full of life and joyous spirit, with a smile, congratulation, and kindly welcome for every one, rendered the scene replete with gaiety and pleasure, and, in lieu of the rigid, I may almost say morose, degree of etiquette I had been led to expect, never do I remember to have witnessed, even in private life, a more perfect picture of freedom and amusement.

By the by, I may mention the evening enlightened me as to the cause of His Imperial Majesty's universal popularity with his lady subjects (that is, the younger part of them,) since there he was, laughing, chatting, and doing the agreeable beyond all competition, which, coming from a splendid figure, six feet two or three in height, decidedly the handsomest and most soldierlike-looking fellow in Europe, and Emperor of the Russias to boot, the effect may easily be conceived: indeed, to do him justice, a better judge of, and sharper eye for, a pretty face I never remember to have met with; and of the estimation in which he was held by the possessors of this very attractive and most essential female requisite, I was myself an example, from casually reverting to him with my fair partner, in the course of a waltz, by the familiar term of "My friend Nick," an abbreviation of orthography and His Imperial Majesty's cognomen at the same time, which elicited considerable indignation from "La belle Russe," but the which was most effectually removed when I mentioned that the observation in question, so far from being intended as offensive towards the emperor, was expressive much more of hearty good-will and cordial feeling, we English being, as the world very well knew, such odd creatures, that rarely, if ever, was a favorite British sovereign, statesman, or commander, left without a peculiar sobriquet of some sort or other, the which, indeed, was a sure sign of the estimation in which he was held.

A slight incident at the conclusion of the waltz was the cause of much mirth in the immediate neighborhood of where I stood.

"I say, my fine fellow," said a voice close to my elbow, and which came from as choice a specimen of a Muscovite giant as the eye would wish to rest upon, Colonel D—, of the dragoons of the guard, "I say, you seem very comfortable in your costume, there; I wonder you were permitted to pass." And the gallant commander, throwing a glance upon his own huge supporters, encased in cut-shorts, according to rule,—an attire, I subsequently ascertained, he regarded with the utmost degree of aversion,—next cast his eyes with an envious gaze upon my own Netherlands attire. "Acting," he continued, "I suppose, upon the English principle of—Oh! oh! oh!"

This interjectional interruption proceeded from a practical illustration of the evils sometimes attending his own dress paraphernalia, and was caused by a sudden and untoward incident, occasioned by a young Cossack officer, evidently newly caught in the Ukraine, and imported to the capital, who,

whirling past in the waltz, brought the edge of his spur to bear pretty sharply upon the undefended extremities of the dragoon, who forthwith executed a variety of pirouettes and demivoltes, wholly independent of the music, absolutely astounding in a person of his colossal make and proportions.

"You may as well laugh outright," he said savagely, "as stand there, with that hypocritical face of yours."

This observation, addressed to myself as the remote cause of his disaster, while struggling to maintain the requisite external degree of sympathizing concern, good breeding and humanity on such an occasion required, proved rather too much, not merely for my own gravity to sustain, but that of those around; a general peal of laughter following this wrathful ebullition of the discomfited dragoon, in which, a minute afterwards, he himself good-naturedly joined.

A few days after the ball I took the opportunity of going a round of the various palaces in the capital, the very gem of which, however, magnificent as the whole of them are, as I have previously mentioned, was destroyed by fire the year previous, and which I have heard those well qualified to judge assert could not be equalled by the united splendor of the rest of the imperial residences, both in the environs of and in St. Petersburg itself.

Most providentially, nearly the whole of its rich furniture, paintings, statuary, gorgeous armory, &c. &c., was with considerable difficulty preserved. Connected by inclosed galleries with this melancholy scene of ruined splendor are the palaces of the Great and Little Hermitage, in which, as I have already observed, the recent grand court fete was held. The extent of these superb edifices, running by the side of the Neva, including the private theatre, is rather more than a verst, or three-quarters of an English mile.

It is said, by foreign artists, who have visited the Russian capital, that by far the best and completest collection of Wouvermans, Teniers, and even Spagnolettis, are found here, with upwards of twelve hundred other paintings of the first description, belonging to the Dutch, Spanish, and Italian schools.

One of the most remarkable, and indeed, in my estimation, equally beautiful, (though by no means so grand and extensive,) is the palace built expressly for, and presented by the Empress Catherine to her lover and minister, the celebrated Prince Potemkin, and which, though devastated, and all but destroyed, by the eccentric and capricious Paul, was subsequently renovated, and in a great measure restored, by the Emperor Alexander.

The gardens of the chateau, converted by that crack-brained monarch into a riding-school for the cavalry, are perhaps the most singular the world ever witnessed, and far exceed any fabled description of beauty and wonder the imagination of the poet or painter has either attempted or portrayed, since, by means of concealed flues and stoves in the midst of a city buried in frost and snow, the stranger may here wander through walks perfumed by the fragrance of the blossoms of the citron, the lime, and the orange, while myrtles, geraniums, and roses, lead him momentarily to suppose that he has exchanged the dreary banks of the Neva, in the month of December, for the sunny stream of the Guadalquivir, in the heavenly period of its early spring.

About twelve miles from St. Petersburg is the beautiful pavilion palace of Czarskoezelo, the favorite residence of Catherine II., and the seat of her voluptuous pleasures. I can offer no description of the grounds, but I have been told in summer they are preëminently beautiful, and the general effect equally singular as pleasing, from the Turkish kiosks, Chinese pagodas, arches, grottoes, and Grecian temples scattered through them.

One room in the palace possesses a melancholy interest in the estimation of the stranger; this is the favorite apartment of the late Emperor Alexander, in which everything remains as he left it on his departure for Taganrog, from whence he was never to return. His hat and gloves lay on the table, and all wore the appearance of the tenant of the chamber being merely momentarily absent.

Strange and unaccountable is that presentiment of approaching evil which oppresses and subdues sometimes even the most powerful minds.

The morning of his quitting the capital, the emperor, exhilarated with the prospect of the journey, was remarked to be in higher spirits than he had manifested for many months past, by his suite and attendants, one of whom, approaching him, requested his orders on some subject against his return.

The word seemed to fall on his ear with the shock of a thunderbolt.

"Return?" he said, with melancholy bitterness, "I shall never revisit Czarskoezelo again." Too truly indeed was his foreboding verified.

The bed-chamber of Catherine, which also remained untouched since her death, is furnished with all the rich and luxurious elegance for which she was so celebrated; the walls are of fine porcelain.

Czarskoezelo was also the favorite residence of Orloff, in the zenith of his fame and power; and it was here occurred that last sad melancholy incident of his life in public.

He had married the young, the beautiful, and amable Countess Zinowieff, to whom he was devotedly and passionately attached, and in whose society perhaps the short fleeting period of real happiness he ever knew was experienced. In the bloom of life and health, and within a few months after their union, she was suddenly carried off, and laid in her early grave; a stroke of misfortune so sudden and severe, that the mind of her unhappy husband gave way beneath it.

No one from that moment was admitted to his presence, except one or two confidential domestics; he ate of what they placed before him, and then either sat or reclined in listless apathy, not a tear or moan escaping him; or, passed the time in vacantly wandering from one rich suite of apartments to another, of his gorgeous and miserable home, as if in search of the lost and loved one, whose radiant beauty and angelic sweetness had so recently shone, diffusive of every worldly happiness, where all now was darkness, gloom, and wretchedness.

At length, by the instigation of an acute and intelligent physician, he was prevailed upon to leave St. Petersburg, and proceed upon a lengthened course of travel; from which period till upwards of two years afterwards, no tidings were heard of him, beyond his being engaged in one incessant change of movement from one country to another.

One night about this time, the chateau of Czars-

koezelo was the scene of one of those select, gay, and brilliant soirées in which the empress took so much pleasure. Never had she appeared in her best days, though now past the bloom of life, more strikingly handsome, or more replete with happiness, as she promenaded the ball-room, her arm resting upon that of a pale, stripling, elegant form, in a rich hussar uniform, upon whose feminine beauty of feature and countenance, her eyes were fixed with looks of the deepest and fondest love and devotion.

It was the *fair-haired Lanskoï*, the one, sole being she ever regarded with true affection, whose early and untimely death from decline, crushing and overwhelming with the deepest affliction the heart of the ambitious sovereign, the artful and intriguing ruler of an equally unscrupulous and unprincipled period, added one more to the many examples of,—what a riddle is woman!

Mirth and gladness were at the highest, the ball proceeded merrily, when a tall, powerful, gentlemanly man, on whose noble and dignified features either disease or the acutest mental misery, or perhaps both, had impressed a paleness so livid and wasted, as rendered his countenance scarcely human, suddenly entered the room. As if in defiance of court etiquette and derision of the gorgeous costumes around him, he was attired in a suit of the deepest mourning; but on his broad and muscular chest glittered, set in the choicest brilliants, the insignia of the most illustrious orders of Knighthood in Europe.

It was Orloff! He strode into the middle of the assembly, till he reached the spot where the empress stood.

"You are gay to-night, Katerina," he said, with a maniac laugh: "how happy everything seems around you." Then, changing his tone, he added, in a voice of thunder and ferocity of manner, that startled even the boldest heart present, "How dare you be dancing and enjoying yourselves, and my poor wife not cold in her grave!"

Pale and agitated, for several moments, the empress vainly struggled to give utterance to the words, "Good God! Orloff, are you mad?"

"Mad!" he exclaimed, in that low, deep, stern tone of intense passion, so frightful to hear, as slowly he raised, and menacingly held his finger towards her. "Mad! aye, and who made me so! through whom did I become a murderer and a regicide!"

Catherine now shook so violently, that her favorite was obliged to cast his arm around her waist to sustain her; but equally alarmed at the fearful degree of agitation which possessed her, and the threatening aspect of Orloff, while even some of the boldest veterans of the great Souvaroff stood by paralyzed and confounded, the noble youth, placing himself as a shield before the empress, and resigning her to the care of her trembling *demoiselles d'honneur*, advanced and confronted the giant.

"Boy," said Orloff, contemptuously extending an arm, in muscular strength and proportion, rivalling that of the Hercules Farnese, and which most certainly would have crushed the elegant form of the favorite to death at a single blow, "Boy, I wish not to harm you; yet come not near me, stand aside, and let me once more gaze upon her who has alike been the cause of my glory and my guilt."

The fierce tones of his deep and powerful voice became wholly changed and subdued, as he uttered the conclusion of the sentence; sadly and mourn-

fully they struck upon the ear. The exciting energy of the moment was past; he gazed with pity and affection upon his sovereign and mistress, as, sinking upon an adjoining ottoman, that last resource and relief of the hopelessly miserable, the intensely wretched, (whose unutterable agony of mind has been occasioned by their own guilt, vice, or folly,) in its weakness overcame him, and he wept,—the iron-nerved soldier—the unscrupulous votary of ambition—that man of blood, the regicide, wept—wept like a child.

He became insensible the next minute, and was borne from the room to his own mansion, at which he had only arrived that evening from abroad, when hearing of the empress' intended fête, he ordered his carriage, and set off to the palace.

He lingered but a short time afterwards, his mind never recovering the shock it had sustained in the stroke, which, bereaving him of the only tie which bound him to existence, bore the semblance of the retributive justice of that unseen Power, whose sentence may, for purposes of its own, perhaps be stayed, but yet as surely and unerringly one day falls.

The presentation to the emperor was followed, a week afterwards, by a similar ceremony to the Grand Duke Michael, whose newly-erected palace is considered as carrying the palm in architectural beauty from all the splendid mansions in the capital, not even excepting the far-famed Winter Palace itself.

On arriving, we ascertained that our own party, consisting of the gentlemen of Lord Clanricarde's embassy and myself, were the only persons to be introduced on the occasion; and having been shown into an ante-room, notification of our presence was immediately forwarded to the Grand Duke.

The apartment into which we were ushered, was certainly one adapted to fill a stranger with curiosity and astonishment. Had I not been aware of the locale in which I stood, I should at the moment have supposed I had stumbled upon the well-furnished orderly room of an enthusiastically zealous commander of one of the regiments of the imperial guard, instead of what we were given to understand it actually was, the private sitting-room of the prince himself.

The walls were hung with pictures in plain wood frames, representing soldiers in every position, performing the various movements of the manual, platoon, lance and sword exercise. In one corner was a camp couch, or bedstead, with a mattress about as soft and pliant as the beautifully-polished boards on which we were treading, while on a plain table, (which, with a few chairs, formed the entire of the rest of the furniture,) were several books, which, from their figure and appearance, I could have sworn at a glance, were General Orders, Army Regulations, Field Exercise, and all that sort of thing.

By the time I had finished my survey, we were summoned up stairs, and in a small withdrawing-room, the splendor and rich paraphernalia of which formed a singular contrast to the one we had just quitted, found the Grand Duke himself waiting to receive us.

After some conversation of a general nature, he turned to me, and commenced such a sharp cross-examination relative to the drill, discipline, manœuvres, rewards, periods of service, &c., of the British and Anglo-Indian armies, that I had reason to congratulate myself upon being an old adjutant, but for which circumstance I must, to a certainty,

have been floored, the more especially since it was very easy to perceive, that my imperial catechist was as fully *au fait* to the subject (as, indeed, to what army in the world is he not?) as myself.

On concluding, he bowed to us and retired, his departure being almost immediately followed by the entrance of the Grand Duchess Helen, who, in the ordinary and common-place parlance of a mere formal interview, contrived to impress upon us the conviction as to how well merited is the opinion universally entertained of her popularity with all classes in St. Petersburg.

Indeed, some peculiar good fortune seems to have attended the whole of the present princes of the house of Romanoff, in their selections for domestic life, since, however loved and esteemed in their own native faderland, their being transplanted to the frozen regions of the north, has but rendered their virtues and amiable qualities the more highly venerated and appreciated by those among whom their future destiny in life has been cast.

I was engaged to dine this evening with Mr. Pinkey at the English Club, so termed from having originally been founded by our countrymen, where the members have the privilege of inviting non-resident foreigners, and which institution (flattering and complimentary distinction to British honor and integrity) bears on its records this first rule, that its treasurers and secretaries shall always be Englishmen.

The occasion of my present visit there was attended by an incident equally annoying as ridiculous. I had called a *drotchky* for the purpose of proceeding, and having put the usual query to the *asvostikh*, or driver, as to whether he was acquainted with the locale in question, and being very confidently answered in the affirmative, I jumped in, and we set off.

After flying about for the period of nearly half an hour, the coachman suddenly stopped, and turning round, very candidly confessed his ignorance of the place I wished to proceed to, recommended my getting into another conveyance, of which several were at hand, and paying him for the drive with which he had accommodated me.

I willingly acceded to the first part of his proposition, but signified a most emphatic negative relative to the latter; as however I was preparing to take my seat in the other *drotchky*, which had drawn up beside me, the driver of the one I had previously engaged placed himself before me, expressing his intention not to permit my departure if his claim was not previously satisfied.

Oh! how bitterly did I regret my ill fortune in being in plain clothes, since the very sight of the cocked-hat and epaulettes, would not merely have settled the question at once, but have consigned my friend to the nearest guard-house, where he would have been pretty summarily and strongly advised in a manner he was not likely very easily to forget, as to his future conduct, before he was liberated. In the mean time, attracted by the dispute, the crowd gathered round us, and learning what had occurred, immediately took the part of the stranger; one of them, a well-dressed, and I should say an opulent burgher, advancing towards, and accosting me in French, politely offered his services and assistance in any way they could be available, at the same time soliciting to know whom he had the honor of addressing.

My information relative to the latter part of his request, elicited a stare of incredulous astonishment, as he skeptically remarked, "An English

colonel! then pray, sir, may I ask what you do in this dress, and where is your uniform?"

In reply, I could only inform him that in my own country it was not customary for officers to be clad in harness at all, unless upon duty, or with their regiments; and that even in private society, in his own capital, it was not expected of foreign officers to appear so, unless on occasions where any members of the imperial family were present.*

He was satisfied with the explanation, and turning to the driver, commenced lavishing upon him every term of opprobrium, (and a Russian generally thinks of a good many,) for his gross violation of the laws of hospitality, and imposition upon a stranger; in which interlocutory exercise he was zealously and ably seconded by the mob.

Such a clamor and medley of tongues the world never witnessed; but the rascal stuck to his point, and never let go his hold upon my cloak; his lungs were as strong as any of his opponents, and he bawled as loud as the best of them; the annunciation of my rank, too, which was made with all due pomp and emphasis to frighten him, was productive of quite the reverse, being received with a grin of derision, as, pointing to my unhappy bourgeois dress, he jeeringly inquired if *that* was a colonel's uniform.

I was more than half inclined to have recourse to the "argumentum ad hominem,"—the fist was clenched, the arm upraised, when prudence suggested such a proceeding was calculated to be productive of considerable mischief, and might even convert my present warm supporters into as bitter enemies, Russian warfare on these occasions being invariably confined to the tongue.

In the mean time it began to snow, then it began to blow, and as a natural consequence the snow began to drift, at first slowly, and then most furiously, while visions of snug fires, comfortable dinners, and their various agreeable concomitants, as if in mockery, rose before my irritated imagination, to suggest the necessity of getting away from my present predicament under any circumstances.

Swallowing my indignation, therefore, as I best could, I at once announced my willingness to pay the man's demand; an intimation however so far from settling the question, only rendered it more uproarious than ever, since, received with dissent and disapprobation by my own followers, it served but to strengthen the supposition of the driver that he would get his money, and consequently rendered him the more determined upon asserting his claim.

In the interim, the drift was every moment increasing, and driven to desperation by cold and hunger, as seizing my French-speaking follower by the arm, I exclaimed, "My very kind and excellent friend,"—here came full butt upon my face such a burst of the drift, that it seemed actually as if a huge snow-ball, the size of, and hurled with the force of, a sixty-four-pounder, had come in contact with it. Half-choked and blinded, it may easily be supposed my eloquence was very effectually checked by the disagreeable interpolation.

After no little exertion, I at length succeeded in obtaining a hearing; and through the medium of my interpreter, eulogizing their zeal on my behalf to the skies, but mentioning that I was keeping a

* Russian military officers are, however, very reluctant to see their guests otherwise than in uniform, and are very desirous of their never appearing in public in any other costume.

large circle of friends waiting (a most imaginative and theoretical reasoning, as, alas! I knew too well the club waited dinner for no one, whether king or Kaiser,) begged the favor of being permitted to do what I pleased.

This produced some effect; and after a little further parlanee, engendered by the inquiry as to what was the actual fare between my residence and the club, on discharging this, (the amount being somewhat less than a shilling,) for not a fraction more would they permit the fellow to receive, we were each permitted to wend our different ways.

On joining my friends, I found dinner half over; but perfectly famished as I was, this was an affair of very little moment, and with a hurried apology for my absence, I fell to with hearty good will; and it was only on the removal of the cloth, while sipping our wine, that I related the cause of my detention, much mirth being elicited by the recital; several of the *militaires*, however, intimating at its conclusion, they trusted the circumstance would act as a preventive against my moving out in future otherwise than *en tenue*.

I have subsequently more than once thought of this trivial adventure; and although I must candidly confess, in the impatience and irritation of the moment, I wished my friends at the devil for their officious kindness, it has struck me as a characteristic trait highly honorable in the Russian middle or lower orders, so different to what I have observed in other countries, their thus warmly espousing the cause of a stranger as they did on this occasion.

I was in the full run of all the gaieties of the season; and in St. Petersburg in the winter they are not a few, when all my prospective visions of fun and frolic, balls, routs, assemblées, and ballets, came to a conclusion as summary as it was unexpected, by an order from home to the ambassador, directing me to proceed forthwith to Berlin, and thence to England.

'Slife, here was a change. "When was I to start?"

"Oh! you have plenty of time to get ready; the courier does not leave till to-morrow at daylight." (It was then about four o'clock, P. M.)

"But my passport! the office is closed by this time, and—"

"It has already been sent for, and will be here immediately."

"But the usual advertisement of three successive weeks—"

"I'll see to this."

"Reporting my departure—"

"I'll take care of that."

It was in fact, no go, all my excuses to obtain a respite having already been met, and anticipated. Talk of a quartermaster-general! an ambassador is worth the whole Corps d'Etat-Major.

There was no help for it; I rushed from the Embassy to the English Magazine, for, wholly unprepared for such a sudden emergency, like most persons in similar cases, I had everything to procure; thanks, however, to the active exertions of my friend Mr. Colquhoun, everything was obtained, packed, and stowed away; and the following morning, cloaked, furred, and shawled, I mounted the britchska, and having taken my leave of the great northern metropolis, was occupied the next fortnight *en route* to Berlin, in dashing

through apparently trackless wastes of snow, at a rate, the rapidity of which only those who have travelled as a Russian courier, can either appreciate or understand.

Evenings of a Working Man; being the occupation of his scanty leisure. By JOHN OVERS. With a preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens.

WITHOUT any disposition to undervalue the ability of John Overs, we must confess that the preface of Charles Dickens is to us the most attractive part of this little volume: it is so real, so natural, and so touching. John Overs is a working carpenter, who amused himself with composition, and sent some songs to Mr. Dickens; by whose recommendation they were published in *Tait's Magazine*. But, like a true friend, Dickens remonstrated with the author on the folly of a person with his education, and in his circumstances, risking the harassing uncertainties of literature. "In answer to this dissuasion of mine," says Mr. Dickens, "he wrote me as manly and straightforward, but withal as modest a letter, as ever I read in my life. He explained to me how limited his ambition was; soaring no higher than the establishment of his wife in some light business, and the better education of his children. He set before me the difference between his evening and holyday studies, such as they were, and the having no better resource than an alehouse or a skittle-ground. He told me how every small addition to his stock of knowledge made his Sunday walks the pleasanter—the hedge-flowers sweeter—everything more full of interest and meaning to him. He assured me that his daily work was not neglected for his self-imposed pursuits, but was faithfully and honestly performed; and so indeed it was. He hinted to me, that his greater self-respect was some inducement and reward, supposing every other to elude his grasp; and showed me, how the fancy that he would turn this or that acquisition from his books to account, by-and-by, in writing, made him more fresh and eager to peruse and profit by them, when his long day's work was done." This was some few years ago. Since that time, Mr. Dickens has assisted the studies of his humble friend by the loan of books, and with advice; but John Overs is, unhappily, now too ill to labor, being afflicted with a "severe and wasting disease of the lungs." The miscellaneous poems, tales, and sketches, of which this volume consists, were lying by him; and they have been published, under the editorship of Charles Dickens, in the hope of enabling John Overs to "make some temporary provision for his sick wife and very young family."

Is any other recommendation of the volume required? If there is, it may be given. It does not exhibit, as the editor observes, anything of the "prodigy;" but its contents are various, and its tales, which, curiously enough, are laid in early English history, possess some of the spirit of genuine romance, and, we think, are not more exact but better than his sketches of humble life, except perhaps "The Carpenter." Taken altogether, poetry, tales, and sketches, are as good as much of the Annual literature; and the volume is got up in a very pretty style.—*Spectator*.

PEACE OR WAR?

THE prospects of peace begin to lower, with the access of the war-fever in France. Fresh news from Tahiti furnishes us with the French version of the disputes in that lovely and ill-used island: it does not exonerate the officers from charges of violent usurpation, but strengthens those charges; only making vague cross-charges against the English, of fostering resistance. The quarrel with Morocco is unsettled. Various parties in the parliament at Paris use these accidents to embarrass the ministry; and, under the combined pressure, even M. Guizot begins to flinch a little; Count Molé squeezing out of him words that *may* mean that he was about to counsel a rather hostile bearing towards England—or may mean quite the reverse—but the peace minister, at the best, is obliged to be equivocal. What with this snuffing the battle from afar, and this beating of the drum, the French people begin to show like Red Indians under the excitement of the war-dance; and they fall into ecstasies at words in a song—"In France the Englishman shall never reign,"—as if he wished it! "The Englishman," too, is just beginning to grow tired of this eternal bullying: so, in parliament and out of it, folks let fall words about "national honor," and so forth; and Lord Palmerston descants on "foreign policy" in a manner the best calculated in the world to precipitate the greatest *impolicy*. However, British mediation has been offered to Morocco, and not yet refused: discreet people in this country hold fast to peace, and it will take much to force us into detested war. The reports are, that M. Guizot has declared he will rather resign than be a party to it: better, ten thousand times better, for his fame! If fools will rush in, let the wise at least stand by till the fit is over, living protests against an obsolescent folly.—*Spectator*, Aug. 10.

TAHITI.—Further intelligence has been received from Papiti; supplying defects in the former accounts, giving the French version of affairs, and adding a sequel of later date. The French story is given in a letter dated the 29th March, published in the *Emancipation De Toulouse*: the following summary of it is greatly abridged, but preserves its tone.

After the first month of occupation, the French found their supply of fresh provisions gradually withdrawn; and they discovered that the owners of cattle had combined to produce a scarcity. To baffle that combination, the governor issued a decree, on the 11th January, enjoining all owners of cattle to make him a return of their stock, under pain of forfeiture. This was obeyed round about Papiti; but in the distant bays, the preaching of the missionaries excited the people, and the decree was trodden under foot. The governor summoned the chiefs to return to their duty; and an armed detachment arrested four, who were conveyed as prisoners on board the corvette *Ambuscade*. "The police arrested at the same time the bearer of a letter which compromised Queen Pomaré and Mr. Pritchard, the British Consul, her intimate adviser; the whole plot connected with the cattle was detailed in it; the people were encouraged to resistance, but to act with prudence." The queen went on board the *Basilisk* ketch, and placed herself under British protection. On the 1st February, the governor sent a message to the English commander, to say that the landing of the queen would be regarded as an act of hostility.

An English steamer arrived at Papiti on the 18th; absurd rumors were circulated; and several English were arrested for spreading false reports of the speedy arrival of an English fleet. Meanwhile, the people of Tairabou Bay (about forty miles distant from Papiti) revolted; and told the messenger sent by the governor to demand their submission, that they only recognized the authority of the queen. They made this declaration in the presence of the English missionary; and the respect which they showed to him proved that he had been the instigator of it. The French were ordered not to reappear in the bay. The governor now built two block-houses at Papiti. On the 20th, the *Phaeton* French steamer was sent to Tairabou to enforce the submission of the chiefs; but it returned, not having a sufficient force. The corvette was sent, with sharpshooters and artillery; and the governor, M. Bruat, went in person. It arrived on the 28th; when it was found that the natives had fled into the mountains. Two block-houses were built at the bay, to prevent their return without making submission; and the governor returned to Papiti. During the night of the 2d of March, a French sentinel [at Papiti] having been attacked and disarmed by the natives, the guard turned out in pursuit of the assailants, and succeeded in capturing one of them. On being interrogated, he made "disclosures, which compromised Mr. Pritchard." The latter was, accordingly, instantly arrested, and confined in a block-house.

Subsequently, deputations from the islands of Morea and Eimeo, and the two bays of Tahiti, made their submission. Morea is a large island, and contains the queen's private property. Hearing of the submission, she made overtures for a conditional surrender; which M. Bruat rejected. At two o'clock on the 21st March, the intrenched camp at the bay of Tairabou was attacked. "M. Mariani, a captain of the staff commanding the bay, sent two patrols, one of voltigeurs and another of seamen, to reconnoitre the ravines extending to the bay. The marines, guided by an Indian, fell into an ambuscade; and received a volley of musketry, to which they made but an indifferent return, because the weather was wet and their guns had been loaded for some days. The marines then retreated quickly under the fire of the enemy; who killed one man and wounded another." Another attack was made at five o'clock; and a fire was opened by the insurgents, but silenced by the French artillery. The French lost two killed, one prisoner, and seven wounded; the natives lost (it is supposed) fifty in killed and wounded. On hearing of this, M. Bruat repaired again to the scene of action, in the steamer. "As the *Phaeton* passed along the coast on her return, throwing shells on all the houses within her reach, there were perceived with astonishment two intrenchments sufficiently capacious to shelter two hundred combatants, whose heads appeared above the parapet. The more this fortification was examined the more regular it appeared. In the midst was seen the flag of Queen Pomaré. Some Europeans who appeared to command them came to the shore to challenge a landing. Prudence commanded that nothing should be done. We were satisfied with sending them some broadsides; which appeared not to frighten them, as they did not stir. The number of English and American adventurers among the insurgents is estimated at two hundred: they themselves are 1,200, and are

well armed. They have ammunition in abundance, and four pieces of cannon."

The queen remained on board the British ship the *Basilisk*. She had no longer any idea of submitting, since she found that 1,500 combatants marched under her flag.

Thus far the French account. The *Favorite*, a South Sea whaler, brings another tale, by some English writer:—

"A number of the natives, who now live in encampments up the mountains since they have been expelled the town, were seated taking a quiet meal, when some Frenchmen came upon one party, consisting of two chiefs and their wives, and seized hold of the women; whom they attempted to drag on board their boat, then lying moored on the beach a short distance off. The chiefs resisted this aggression, and were immediately shot. A third chief then rose up and exclaimed, 'What! are we dogs, that we are treated thus? We are a quiet people, and wish for peace; but you will not let us have it.' Whereupon the French fired at him; but missing their aim, he gave the signal to the natives for an onset. At the first charge, fifteen Frenchmen were either killed or wounded; and a second attack almost immediately taking place, between thirty and forty more of their number were killed or disabled by the Tahitians. Soon after this transaction had taken place, it was reported that many of the French had deserted, saying they had only been brought out to be shot at. The men generally do not seem at all contented; for they appear half-starved, and are badly clothed. The regulation that no one is to be allowed out after eight o'clock at night is strictly enforced against the natives and foreigners; but the French themselves seem to pay little or no attention to this order."

(OTAHEITE.—The language of some members of the French Chambers, who have hitherto been strenuous supporters of the pacific policy of M. Guizot, lends to the Otaheite quarrel an importance beyond that which is intrinsic.

The mere affair between the French Commandant, Queen Pomaré, and Mr. Pritchard, does not appear difficult of solution. The French government has disclaimed the sovereignty of the island; and the British government has offered no objection to the protectorate assumed by France. The French government has no call upon it to countenance the usurpations of the commandant; it can without compromise of honor order him to undo what he has done. On the other hand, Mr. Pritchard, at the time of his arrest, had voluntarily abdicated the office of British Consul; the British government has not been insulted in his person. All that is incumbent on the British government is to ascertain the amount of injury he has received as a private person, and if he has suffered innocently, to call upon the French government to procure him redress as a private person. Future squabbles might be guarded against by employing the French officers implicated and the ex-consul of England where they could do least harm.

If the controversy could be left to the exclusive management of the ministers of state on either side, there would be little danger of war. The material interests at stake are trifling in the extreme; and the discussion of such minute yet difficult technical points as are involved in the present question is an admirable sedative of the passions kindled by disputes about the point of honor.

Ministers, however, must defer to the public will; and, unluckily, agencies are actively at work to stimulate popular passion on both sides. The French press is more exclusively a literary speculation than the English; it is less under the sobering influence of mercantile and material interests and considerations; its necessary bias is on all occasions to take the imaginative and sentimental view of political questions. And the French constitution gives an undue preponderance to the literary and official class—to the class most apt to be excited by the exaggerations of fine writers. There are few large capitalists in the electoral body of France; the great mass of landowners and cultivators is in a manner excluded from it; and the professors and civil and military employés, who preponderate in it, sympathize with the exaggerations of the journalists, and are as little checked by prudential considerations as they are. But, though it is chiefly in France that the prudence of rulers is most likely to be overborne by a popular clamor, the state of the public mind on this side of the channel is not altogether tranquilizing to lovers of peace. John Bull is not quite so reasonable and pacific an animal as he sometimes affects to call himself; and there is no want of effort to stimulate his pugnacious propensities on the Otaheite question. This very week has witnessed a meeting in the city, at which one "reverend" gentleman presided and three reverend orators made speeches, all to the effect that the Otaheite question was "not a religious but a political one," and that Great Britain ought to go to war with France on behalf of Queen Pomaré.

And there is this further danger, that, as is usual in such cases, the formal question arising out of the rivalry of French and British subjects in Otaheite throws little light on the real merits of the disputants or the importance of the controversy. The facts appear to be briefly these. In 1836, two French Roman Catholic missionaries visited Otaheite; as soon as their arrival was known they were expelled from the island. It is asserted by the French, and not denied by the parties accused, that this was done at the instigation of the English Protestant missionaries; and it is admitted that when a French vessel visited Otaheite to demand compensation for the expelled priests, the money was advanced to Queen Pomaré by the English missionaries. In 1838, a law was passed by Queen Pomaré proclaiming the Protestant religion the religion of the state. Mr. Pritchard admits that this law was passed at his instigation; but his apology is that Admiral Dupetit Thouars advised him. It was out of these hostile demonstrations against missionaries, subjects of France, that the disputes between the French officer commanding in the Pacific, arose, which ended in the assumption of the "protectorate" of Otaheite by France. Not to extenuate the unmanly acts of violence attributed to the French officers, it is at least apparent from these facts that the English parties to the squabble do not come into court with hands altogether clean.

In these transactions, the animating motives on the part of the French have, apparently, been jealousy of the progress of English colonization in the Pacific, and a wish to rival it. In this mood they have laid hold of the Marquesas and Otaheite. These acts of rivalry would have been innocent of offence had not one of the islands occupied been already a *quasi* colony of Britain. The trade and cultivation of Otaheite, such as they are, are the work of British adventurers.

The civilization of the Otaheites is the work of British missionaries. Otaheite has been irregularly colonized, not by the British government, but by British subjects. Our government has first allowed English interests to establish and develop themselves in Otaheite, and then, by shrinking from recognizing it as a colony, or accepting its proffered submission to a British protectorate, has incapacitated itself from protecting these interests by peaceable means. Barring the prior claim of Great Britain in virtue of discovery and occupation, the French government had as good a right to take possession of Otaheite as the English to take possession of New Zealand. The right arising from our earlier title the British government have formerly disclaimed; France therefore was free to act; the treaty with Queen Pomaré is at least as good as the treaty with the chiefs of Waitangi. But the British government cannot alter the fact that the people of Otaheite are a mixture of English and Anglicized nations. It has denuded itself of the power to protect the English subjects there against the assumption of sovereignty by France and its consequences; it has placed itself in the humiliating position of being unable to assert the rights of English subjects except by a war. These are the fruits of the temporizing and vacillating policy of late governments, which, by abandoning the old English policy of colonization, have forced upon the enterprising spirits of Britain the necessity of colonizing irregularly. These are the fruits of missionary jealousy, which has insidiously encouraged government in countenancing irregular colonization in the hope of keeping out secular rivals. The miserable policy dictated by sectarian aims and political *saintanisme* nearly allowed New Zealand to slip through our fingers as Otaheite has done, forced us into a not very honorable compromise respecting the Sandwich Islands, and now threatens to involve us in a war about Otaheite.

Spectator, Aug. 10.

MINISTERS and other officials made the usual rush out of town as soon as they were let loose,—running off to grass, like their horses, after the wasting toils of the season; and yet they are scarcely gone before the chiefs are called back to a cabinet council, held on Tuesday, as if for the special mystification of gossips. Another portent is the arrival of a diplomatic comet in our orbit—Count Nesselrode, the incarnation of Russian policy. Veteran diplomatists have their infirmities, their tastes, and their fancies; even Machiavelli dabbled in belles-lettres, and had his country-house; even Metternich has been convicted of having official companions who had literary accomplishments and platonic affections; and possibly Count Nesselrode may like to see the British lions and try the air of Brighton. But no; whenever old gentlemen have belonged to the secret fraternity of diplomatists, all their actions are as significant as Lord Burlington's shake of the head; and the Count Nesselrode's visits to England, to Brighton, and especially to Prince Albert at Windsor Castle, have a political significance: "Thou dost mean something, lago!"

All this while, it is very clear that France "means something" very formidable. Her movements are rapid, and perpetually shifted; and the accounts change even faster, so that it is impossible to make a summary of her operations, and say, That is what France is doing; the list may be

half-abandoned to-morrow morning, or doubled. But, making every allowance for such oscillation, the sphere of her activity is prodigious. Besides the perennial turmoil of Algiers, that convenient sink for the redundant population and love of glory in France—besides the distant arena of Polynesia—besides the new quarrel with Morocco, she has fresh piques to gratify; a little feud at Gaboon with some English traders and an African, who was tricked out of a treaty under the influence of rum; and a very sudden intervention between the Porte and its contumaciously-disposed vassal of Tunis, involving more perils to the peace of Europe. Whether the Prince de Joinville is bombarding Tangier, or returning to his princess and to France to be promoted, who can tell? Certainly not the telegraphic despatches, which box the compass of possibilities—running a circle of the most positive but opposite statements, that neutralize each other and come to nothing, as colors on a revolving card make simple white. With all this interesting activity abroad, Paris is in a perfect fever; the despatches from Africa excite exultation; Count Nesselrode's visit to London, uneasiness; Lord Minto's jeremiad about the British navy, fierce hopes. It strikes the *National*, borrowing the Prince De Joinville's idea, that as we are so defenceless, and France can muster forty sail of the line, it would be a delicate stratagem to steal upon us in the night, and reduce us to the grade of a third-rate power!

With these unceasing provocations over the water, it is not surprising that there should be some indiscreet response on this side. Newspaper-writers are getting more and more to speak in the "come if you dare" style of defiance; quiet people, the mastiff class of commonplace, unobtrusive Englishmen, that *will* be trifled with a good while, but not forever, are beginning to think that this kind of brave talk all on one side cannot go on much longer. And the missionaries of London have come forth vigorously as the priests of war. The irregular clergy of the missionary world have strong vested interests in Polynesia; where they can point for their most marked successes, and where religious influence has procured them political power and social rank. He who is only a tradesman and a spiritual protégé in England may be a very Thomas-à-Becket in Polynesia; and the intrusion of France on the missionary territory has roused the parent hive in the British capital. War, of course, they deprecate—it was incumbent upon them to do so, at least *pro forma*; but in far less equivocal language they blame the deficient naval protection at Tahiti, sneer at French reparation as impossible or worthless, and bluster about the national "honor." One incitement to this strange tone is, no doubt, hatred of the rival Popish missionaries; whose forcible exclusion began the disputes at Tahiti, and whose failure is matter of sectarian exultation. This is all very indecorous and unbecoming to "the cloth," if dissenting ministers are to be considered "a cloth;" but it is a symptom of the growing ill-temper here, and really helps to embroil the fray. Missionaries have a wide connexion among the middle classes of England. We have often reproached France with her rash and unscrupulous war party, while in this country the war party was represented almost in the single person of Lord Palmerston; but now the missionaries have supplied our want, and "redressed the balance." How difficult it is for governments to deal with these sallies! Should France

and England go to war, it will not be the wish of either government—certainly not of the English people; but undoubtedly the epidemic mania in France, acted upon by the designing and turbulent in both countries, menaces the peace of Europe even more than it did in 1840.—*Spectator*, 17th Aug.

MOROCCO.—The successive reports from Morocco contradict each other as to the actual beginning of hostilities. Frequent diplomatic communications have passed between the Emperor Abd-er-Rahman and the French authorities on his frontiers. He admitted the aggression on the Algerian territory, and promised to punish the authors of it, the Kaid of Ouchda, a leader, being in prison; but evaded all allusion to the demands not to support Abd-er-Kader in his resistance to the French. In the case of his not giving a satisfactory reply, the French threatened to begin by bombarding Tangiers. On the 23d of July, the Prince de Joinville arrived at Tangiers, in the *Pluton* steamer; and received on board M. Ninon, the Consul-General, with his family; sending the steamer *Veloce* to Mogadore on a similar errand. According to a letter from Mr. Cowell, Lloyd's agent, it was reported at Gibraltar, on the 1st instant, that Mr. Drummond Hay, the English Chargé d'Affaires, had written despatches on the 26th July, in which he said that he had offered his mediation, and was actively engaged in negotiations with the emperor.

"Nothing," says Mr. Cowell, "can be more critical than the actual position of affairs. The British Admiral, in the *Formidable*, remains in our bay, with the *Caledonia* three-decker; whilst at Tangiers are the *Warspite* and *Albion*, under Commodore Lockyer. On the part of the Spaniards, their brigade is ready at Tarifa and Algeiras; and 1,000 cavalry are daily expected in our immediate neighborhood from Madrid, to join the African expedition. Their movements will, however, wholly depend on the French, without whom it is supposed they will not act."

FRANCE.—Morocco and Tahiti fill the Paris papers, which exhibit ebullitions of anti-English feeling on all sides. Among the bills adopted by the Chamber of Peers on Friday, was one authorizing the Minister of Marine to open a credit of 8,087,800 francs to defray the expenses of the extraordinary armaments in 1844. M. Charles Dupin, the reporter on the bill, recommended it in a violently hostile speech. He said, for instance—

"I am not one of those who regard war with extraordinary uneasiness. France is too well accustomed to war to feel alarmed at such a contingency or its consequences. I am no partisan of war. I defended peace in 1840; but in preaching concord, I frankly declared, that if we had no other alternative than war, we would engage in it with ardor—nay, with transport."

He declared that the French officers in Tahiti "had acted properly, as behoves brave and rational men;" and that Mr. Pritchard was a conspirator, who had violated the law of nations. He finished thus—

"By voting the bill now before the House, you will place the naval department in a condition to provide as speedily as possible against all contingencies: I except none. It is a law of good administration; it is in every respect satisfactory; you may vote it with an entire confidence."

It was voted by 91 to 4. Next day, another discussion was raised by the Count de Montalembert, the Prince de Mosqua, and M. Boissy; who endeavored to extort from M. Guizot an explanation of the course he intended to pursue. To this appeal M. Guizot replied, that a question of facts and of international law had arisen between the two governments; that time was necessary to explain the one and determine the other; and that until these points were settled, he should maintain the greatest reserve on the subject. Count Molé, speaking with much moderation of manner, urged M. Guizot to say a few words at the close of the session, "calculated to diminish the emotion and uneasiness which he himself must feel were legitimate." M. Guizot replied that he was persuaded that if he said there "what he proposed to say elsewhere," he should increase the irritation he desired to appease. Count Molé expressed himself content.

FRANCE has made another movement on the northern coast of Africa. On the 8th instant, orders were received at Toulon, that three ships of the line in that port should put to sea; and they did so in twelve hours after the receipt of the order! At first it was assumed that their destination was Tangier; but afterwards it was understood to be Tunis. The *Paris Globe* explains the reasons for the expedition:

"The journals some time since mentioned that a Turkish fleet had left the Dardanelles on a cruise; but since that time they have been lost sight of. This fleet, composed of seven sail of the line and four frigates, it appears, had made their appearance on the coast of Syria. When there, the Capitan Pacha summoned all the pilots on board his vessel, and inquired in what time they could take his fleet before Tunis, and on what points of that coast it would be possible to effect a landing of troops. A short time after this consultation, the fleet left the coast of Syria, bearing away to the westward. The Porte has for a long time entertained a wish to dispossess the Bey of Tunis, and to substitute for that independent sovereignty a pacha appointed from Constantinople. France, on her side, has loudly expressed her intention to support the Bey of Tunis, and to prevent Turkey from establishing herself on the frontiers of Algeria. Hitherto the Porte has never dared to carry her plans into execution, but may at length have decided on it, thinking to take advantage of our dispute with Morocco. If such has been the idea of Turkey, she will again have reckoned without her host. The French government, informed by telegraph of the departure of the Turkish fleet from the coast of Syria, sent orders for four ships of the line to sail from Toulon, under the command of Admiral Parseval Deschenes, to cruise before Tunis, and await the arrival of the Turkish squadron. The instructions given to the Admiral are in conformity with the constant policy of France: she will oppose the landing of any Turkish troops and any attempt of the Capitan Pacha against the Bey of Tunis. In the event of the Turkish fleet making its appearance there, the French admiral is ordered to make known his instructions to the Capitan Pacha; to order him to keep off from the coast; and if he refuses, to bring him to action immediately."

GABOON.—Reference was made in the House of Commons, last week, to the proceedings of the French at Gaboon, on the coast of Africa; and

Sir Robert Peel spoke slightly of the complaints made by British merchants. The facts appear to be these. For upwards of a century British subjects have had factories there, and for upwards of thirty years the place has been considered a British possession; its ebony, beeswax, and tortoise shell, being admitted by our customs at the differential duties allowed to such articles if imported from British colonies. The British flag has been hoisted there for many years, and it was still flying on the 5th April last. In March arrived Baron Daurican, in a French war-ship; and he tried to obtain King Glass' signature to a treaty of cession; but his Majesty declined to relinquish his sovereignty. M. Amoureux, the master of a French merchant-ship, undertook to procure the required autograph: he landed with a bottle of rum, sought the monarch, and returned with the treaty signed. Next morning, being sober, Glass disavowed the treaty; and, backed by his chiefs and subjects, he has appealed for aid against French aggression.

EGYPT.—The following telegraphic despatch has reached the French government; but it needs some further explanation:—

“Alexandria, 27th July.

“His Highness the viceroy has just abruptly left Alexandria, declaring that he renounces forever Egypt and public affairs, and that he retires to Mecca. Ibrahim is at Alexandria, which city is quiet.”

The *Malta Times*, under the date of Beyrout, 16th July, makes this statement concerning our relations with Egypt; and the *Morning Post* “has reason to believe it to be correct.”—

“The Geysea brought us news that Sir H. Hardinge had in three days completed a treaty with Mehemet Ali, that the English government guaranteed to himself, as well as to his descendants, the government of Egypt; and that no other power should interfere with him. In return, Mehemet Ali has treated, that the English government should do as they liked in the country, and to protect all English subjects: he consents, moreover, to allow troops to go through Egypt whenever necessary. The railways from Cairo to Suez are to be commenced without loss of time; and, in fact, the pacha has become a complete Englishman.”

Hussein Bey, the son of Mehemet Ali, and Ahmet Bey, son of Ibrahim Pacha, have arrived at Marseilles, in the Egyptian steamer *Reschid*. They are under the care of Stephan Effendi; and are sent by the viceroy, with thirty-six other youths of good family in Egypt, to be educated in France.

From the Spectator.

POSTSCRIPT.

News of the actual bombardment of Tangier reached town yesterday, and was distributed to the public piecemeal, in successive editions of the daily papers; the accounts being amplified this morning. The *Journal des Débats* of Thursday professed to give the substance of the following official despatch which was published later in the day, in its original form, by the *Moniteur*:—

“Perpignan, 13th August, five o'clock, P. M.

“THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE TO THE MINISTER OF MARINE.

“Before Tangier, 7th August.

“On the 4th instant, a reply to the ultimatum

of M. de Nion was received, but was not of a nature to be accepted.

“On the 5th, I was informed that Mr. Hay was in a place of safety; [according to the *Journal des Débats*, the French Admiral's ship.]

“On the morning of the 6th, I attacked the fortifications of Tangier. Eighty pieces of artillery returned the fire. In about an hour their fire was silenced, and their batteries dismantled.

“Our loss in men is trifling, and the injury sustained of little consequence.

“The quarter inhabited by the European Consuls has been respected.”

One account says that Mr. Drummond Hay was “saved,”—as if he had been in danger; but that appears to be a mistranslation of the statement that he was “in safety.” The correspondent of the *Times* observes, that Sir Edward Owen was assured, on the morning of the 5th, that all looked pacific; whereas the communication which induced the prince to bombard the town had been received on the 4th: this seems to imply either some mental reservation or extraordinary change of purpose.

The *Toulonnais* quotes a letter dated at Tangier on the 2d instant, which describes the Moors as quite prepared with a deliberate plan of treating their assailants:—

“We see them every day,” says the correspondent of the *Toulon Journal*, “exercising on the coast their infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to the sound of the tamtam, and with banners unfurled. At night they retire to their camp in the mountains. The town seems to have been abandoned by its inhabitants, who have sought refuge in a small wood in the neighborhood, where they sleep under tents. During the night, their fires indicate that that part of the coast, which is protected by a small fort lately erected, is inhabited. The forts and batteries offer an imposing aspect; but the town, situate in a ravine on the verge of the sea, is entirely open; a feeble rampart surrounds it and divides it into two parts; the houses appear to be in a good state of repair, and pretty regular. If we can judge from appearances, the Moors do not intend to oppose a vigorous resistance; but they are determined, as far as we can ascertain, to prevent our landing; which would defeat the object of our expedition, if their opposition prove successful.”

The news caused a fall in the French funds, on Thursday, from 81 francs 55 centimes, to 81 francs 27 1-2 centimes.

The accounts from Toulon of the 10th instant announce the arrival in that harbor of the English steamer *Acheron*, which left Malta on the 6th. An officer, the bearer of despatches, landed from her, and immediately proceeded in a post-chaise for Calais, *viâ* Marseilles.

The *Sémaphore de Marseilles*, of the 12th instant, announces the departure of the Alger ship of the line from Toulon, with orders to join the naval division commanded by Admiral Parseval Deschenes, before Tunis.

“Before the 15th,” writes the correspondent of the *Sémaphore*, “France will have on the coast of Barbary eight ships of the line. We have besides, a frigate, *La Belle Poule*, several steam-frigates and corvettes, a great number of steamers of a lesser power, transport-corvettes, lighters and brigs. Since the expedition against Algiers in 1830, France never had so considerable a naval force on the African coast.”

The writer for the *Times* says, he asked whether vessels of other countries, especially of Sweden, were to take part in the attack on Morocco; but he received no answer; for he had heard that "exertions are being made 'to unite as much as possible France to all the other maritime powers of Europe;' to advance which project a common attack upon a common enemy would very much contribute."

Further accounts from the Mediterranean confirm the story of Mehemet Ali's sudden retirement from the government of Egypt; but instead of throwing light on the motives, involve them in added obscurity, so much do they vary. All agree in saying that he refused to see any one, or to take any companion. One imputes the flight to *fatherly tenderness* at the departure of his son and grandson for France.

"Mehemet Ali was unable to sleep that night; and the following morning, on looking towards the sea, he said to his attendants, 'I cannot bear to look at the sea, or at the ships, and I must quit Alexandria.' He immediately set out for Cairo, accompanied by his secretary Rustem."—*Alexandria correspondent of the Times*.

Others say, that on departing, he exclaimed against "a traitor" in his family; declaring that he would discover him, or retire to Mecca; and mention a rumor that Abbas Pacha and Sherif Pacha had been intriguing. Some fortify the supposition that he only meant to *secure the succession* :—

"The Pacha declared that he renounces the government of Egypt to his son Ibrahim, and that he is off to Mecca to end his days, taking with him 5,000*l.* as all that he may want."—*Alexandria correspondent of the Morning Chronicle*.

Here the religious motive is added :—

It is positively asserted that he has abdicated in favor of his son Ibrahim; intending to repair at once to Mecca, there to end in peace and quiet, amid the consolations of religion, the remainder of his days; but of which abdication Ibrahim pleads ignorance, refusing to act thereon until he receives some more positive command from his father; and Saïed Pacha, another son, had been despatched to Cairo to unravel the mystery.—*Malta correspondent of the same*.

A fifth guess—*diplomatic embroglio* :—

It would seem that in consequence of the treaty formed with Sir H. Hardinge, considerable jealousy has been felt; and the consequence has been the resignation of his Highness Mehemet Ali of the reins of government.—*Another Alexandria correspondent of the Times*.

A sixth—*madness* :—

The pacha, the day before yesterday, lost his senses; two nights running he had not an hour's sleep, and in the morning he ordered his coach to be ready, saying, "I wish to go to Cairo." He did this without advising with any one.—*Alexandria correspondent of the Malta Times*.

Sir John Guest, the member for Merthyr-Tydvil, lately received an order from Russia for 50,000 tons of iron, for the purpose of being employed in the construction of railways.

By the Dover railway, a traveller can now leave London in the morning early and sup at Brussels on the same evening.

A CAPTIVE RELEASED.—"In their expedition to Ouchda," says a letter from Oran, "the French troops have delivered one of their countrymen who had been a slave for 30 years, and who, most certainly, had lost all hope of ever seeing his country again. The poor fellow had been a prompter at the Opera Domique, in the time of Garat, Ellevion, and Marten. Having lost his situation he went to Tangier in quest of fortune. One day he ventured into the country, when he was seized and kept a slave by some wandering Moors. After useless attempts at escaping, Dominique—such is the prompter's name—was delighted to see the tribe he belonged to march against the French. On the first shot being fired, old and infirm as he was, he felt his legs as light as an antelope, and ran towards his countrymen. In the evening, when he reached the camp, his story amazed the whole expedition, and the poor old man shed tears of joy."

Dr. Dalton, the chemist, was buried at Ardwick Cemetery, in Manchester, on Monday. The funeral was a public one; the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession were closed, and every one seemed desirous to pay respect to the philosopher's memory. Dr. Dalton was a Quaker.

THE GAMBIE ISLES.—The group called the Gambia Isles, of which France has lately taken possession, is situate to the south-east of the Society Islands, being close to the tropic of Capricorn, in 23½ degrees of south latitude. The four principal isles are Mangareva, Taravai, Akena, and Akamourou. The first, which is the largest, forms the residence of the king and his chieftains. Mangareva and Taravai have not, together, more than from 1900 to 2000 inhabitants. The country is mountainous. The extent of cultivated land is very limited, scarcely sufficient, in fact, for the support of this small population. The produce of the country is the same as that of Tahiti and the Marquesas islands—viz., the bread-fruit tree, the banana tree, and the sugar-cane. The vegetables of Europe have been imported by the missionaries, and with general success. The fruit-trees and vines remain unproductive, in spite of all the care bestowed upon them. A French Missionary Society has recently founded a small government in these isles, somewhat like that of the Jesuits in Paraguay. The missionaries, when they landed on the shores of Akamourou, in August, 1834, found the inhabitants given up to every excess, and wallowing in all the miseries of savage life. The wretched tribes, abandoned to the horrors of cannibalism, were tormented on one side by famine, and on the other by the fear of serving as provender for their chiefs! When a tempest had rooted up the bread-fruit trees, and destroyed the crops, human flesh became the only food of the inhabitants. The warriors actually hunted for men, instead of, as usual, for wild animals. At the end of the year the strongest alone survived. The missionaries arrived at a season of abundance, or otherwise they too might have been massacred and devoured! By their exertions, the obstacles thrown in their way by the native priesthood were successively overcome, and the king, together with his chiefs, at length abjured idolatry, as did finally all the inhabitants of the four isles. The high-priest himself was one of the first converts. The missionaries have since been employed in instructing the people, and teaching them the arts of civilization, cultivation of the soil, &c.

From the United Service Magazine.

ST. DOMINGO IN 1794, AND A FEVERISH SKETCH.

In 1794 I sailed for the West Indies in an old seventy-four, and was present at the capture of Martinico and Guadaloupe, and never was the want of experienced surgeons more exemplified than on those occasions. Bark, bark, bark, was the incessant and almost only medicine administered in cases of fever—not bark as afterwards given in a concentrated form, but bark in the rough, that stuck in the mouth like the rind of a broomstick. One general system of treatment was adopted, and there was no departure from it. Neither the imagination nor the desire of the patient was ever consulted, the same tedious routine was persisted in, and the poor fellows in both services died, literally, like rotten sheep. The same remarks will apply to San Domingo, where I served under Commodore Ford, and was at the surrender, by capitulation, of a considerable portion of the island to Lieutenant-Colonel White-lock, who afterwards rendered himself so notorious at Buenos Ayres in South America. Upon this latter point I am rather delicate, as I happened to be there myself. And yet I do not know why I should be ashamed of our conduct; the army and the navy behaved as bravely as men could possibly do, but really the whole of that affair was so unadvisedly undertaken, and at last so wretchedly commanded, that the result was not surprising.

It was on the morning of the 30th May, 1794, that the *Europa*, fifty, carrying the broad pennant, with the *Irresistible*, seventy-four, the *Belliqueux*, sixty, and the *Sceptre*, sixty-four, three frigates, and three sloops, besides transports, having embarked a body of troops in the road of l'Archaye, got under way, and made sail for Port-au-Prince, where the whole anchored the same evening in admirable order. The following morning,—and it was certainly a most lovely one,—preparations were made for attacking the place: the troops were told off for disembarkation, the artillery and stores were in readiness to land, and, though somewhat enervated by the climate and sickness, there was a general eagerness to get on shore, so that there might be something to do, and the mind be actively employed. The ships lay out of range of shot from the forts and sea-batteries; but we could perceive, by the help of glasses, that the enemy was not idle.

The signal that every arrangement had been completed having been hoisted, the pinnace of the *Europa*, with a lieutenant in her, and bearing a flag of truce in the bows, was seen pulling in for the town. The sea-breeze had come in delightfully refreshing,—the sky was intensely blue, with only here and there a silvery fleecy cloud, like an angel's wing wafted along the face of the heavens. The waters, lightly rippling to the gentle winds, reflected the azure tints from above,—the foliage on each side of the deep bay in which we were riding looked sweetly pleasant to the eye, as contrasted with the white fortifications on the coast and the buildings in the town, whilst the mountains, rising in almost purple splendor, received on their summits the golden hues of the sun. The white wood-smoke here and there curled up amongst the dark trees, and gave a pleasant relief to the dense gloom of the background. The squadron was lying with their ensign hoisted,—the white flag, with the republican tricolor-jack in the upper canton, was displayed at all the defences

and by the shipping in the harbor, and the whole formed a beautiful picture of peace and gladness, which man was about to deface with blood and slaughter.

Every eye was fixed upon the pinnace, and every heart was anxiously impatient for the result of its mission; for it was well known that the officer was commissioned to demand the surrender of the place. Speculation ran high as the boat danced over the waters and neared the harbor. No notice had been taken of her approach, and this seemed to augur favorably that the enemy were embarrassed, and the terms dictated would be acceded to. Suddenly the wreathing smoke from a gun at a small battery ascended, and before the report reached us a shot was seen ricocheting over the mimic waves just ahead of the pinnace, and the lieutenant commanded the men to lay upon their oars. Expectation of a quiet termination to the business was instantly dashed. The next minute a barge from the shore, with an officer, was perceived pulling out to the spot where the pinnace lay, and hope was again revived. A very short interval elapsed, and they lay alongside of each other to communicate. It was an anxious and exciting moment,—the two officers were distinctly visible as, standing up, they courteously saluted each other, and commenced conversing. Five minutes, or perhaps a little more, elapsed, when, the officers again removing their hats, the boats separated. The barge hoisted a lateen-sail to return to the harbor, the pinnace pulled short round, and wended her way back to the commodore. When at convenient distance the flag of truce was struck, and instantly the *Europa* hoisted the preconcerted signal that the suspension of hostilities was at an end.

Commodore Ford and the commander of the troops consulted together, and orders were issued for the land forces to be ready early the next morning to debark, as an attack was meditated upon Fort Bizoton, which appeared to be the strongest defence of the harbor. All was now eagerness and preparation for the assault; but the enemy did not seem to understand on which point it was most likely they would be assailed, as no movement was perceptible that could lead us to suppose they were strengthening the fort, which certainly was extremely formidable to look at; but we were rather surprised to hear the distant booming of artillery inland. It was soon ascertained in the squadron that the French officer had been directed by the authorities to inform the lieutenant of the *Europa* that no flag of truce would be admitted; and a canoe with a couple of negroes soon afterwards came off to the commodore, by which we learned that the firing in the interior was caused by a conflict that was raging between the blacks and the mulattoes.

The sea-breeze died away, and by sunset a light air came stealthily from the land, bearing with it a heavy noxious vapor that was almost stifling to inhale. I was standing on the fore-castle, as the ship swung head to wind, and, with several others, gazing intently upon the town. Suddenly one of the seamen, who was near to me,—and a fine hearty fellow he was,—dropped down as if a ball had passed through his heart. There was no staggering—no spreading out of the hands for support—no falling on the face, or on the back; it was like a heavy concentrated mass descending with violence to the deck, which resounded as if the weight was iron or lead. He was immediately raised and car-

ried down below. Life was not extinct. Scarcely had the surprise of this occurrence subsided than another was laid prostrate in strong convulsions; and shortly afterwards a third. Orders were then given to clear the fore-castle, and the men to keep as much between decks as the service would allow. The doctor's mate (a far cleverer man than his superior) declared that these sudden seizures were caused by the exhalations from some putrid matter on the land; and as we were aware that several battles had been fought in the neighborhood, the revolting and sickening supposition arose that the offensive effluvia proceeded from the dead bodies that had been left upon the field; and this conjecture was partly verified, though we discovered that there was a large plain and stagnant lake about a league and a half from the town, and the plantations and herbage having been partially destroyed by the insurgents, the decaying vegetable matter, combined with the miasma from the lake, and the putrescence of the dead, were wafted off by the land-wind, and inflicted the devastating mischief. That night nearly forty men were rendered fit subjects for the hospital in our ship alone.

The morning arose upon us in brightness,—by seven o'clock the boats with the troops, in two lines abreast, were pulling towards the shore,—the squadron hove short upon their cables, for there was not a breath stirring, when, as if propitious to our enterprise, the sea-breeze set in a full hour before its usual time. The anchors were run up to the bows, the white canvass swelled to the invigorating visitor, the *Belliqueux* and the *Sceptre* bore up and anchored in fine position against Fort Bizotton, the *Penelope* brought up so as to flank a gully at the back of the fort, whilst the *Irresistible* and *Europa*, with the smaller craft, kept under sail, to throw in their fire as circumstances required. A body of cavalry and some brigades of infantry advanced to oppose the landing of the English; but they were continually under check from the judicious management of the ships. The firing at the outset was brisk; but in about an hour was much slackened from the fort, and at intervals was quite silenced, though the French colors were kept flying.

It was the glorious First of June; and at the very period in which we were fighting, Earl Howe was engaging and defeating the French fleet: but of course we did not know this till several months subsequent. In the afternoon the fort only fired a shot or two occasionally; and as black clouds were gathering on the tops of the mountains, and spread themselves gradually abroad, apprehensions were entertained of an approaching storm,—the lightnings flashed vividly through the dark gloom, and the roaring of thunder answered hoarsely to the discharges of artillery. By five o'clock the troops were all on shore and formed. The density of the atmosphere increased, and soon afterwards the firing ceased, as the rain descended in torrents, and put an end to man's warfare. There was a fearful convulsion of the elements,—night hung a sable pall over the dying and the dead. But even amidst the conflict of nature the sense of duty prevailed,—under cover of the darkness about sixty men of the 41st and 22d contrived to ascend the walls of the fort, and after a brief struggle were victorious,—the enemy yielded.

Still the town and sea-batteries held out, and the storm having passed away, the next day was occupied in preparing fire-ships to send into the harbor, to cause a general conflagration. The ar-

tillery and stores were landed, and the 4th (on which old George's birth-day was commemorated) appointed to assault the town and heights. Everything was judiciously planned; but on the evening of the 3d a canoe went alongside the commodore, conveying the agreeable intelligence that the French commissioners, with the troops, had evacuated the place, which was almost deserted. The succeeding morning the ships ran closer in, the British colors were hoisted upon all the defences, and the little army marched in and took possession of Port-au-Prince, which they found abandoned.

During the progress of hostilities, sickness increased, and almost the first use made of the conquest, was to secure suitable buildings for hospitals, each ship selecting one for itself. Nearly all the houses were empty; some of them were very handsome edifices, and the gardens abounding in tropical fruits, were beautiful and luxurious. But it was a melancholy thing to walk through this paradise in appearance, and see solitude and loneliness in every street: it was like a city of the dead. The place fixed upon for the ship to which I belonged, had been one of the most costly: the halls were of chequered white and black marble; statues and ornaments of the same material were seen in every niche. The first floor was one extensive room, elegantly decorated, and it was evident that the whole had been built since the dreadful fire that happened three years before. (traces of which were still visible in many parts of the town, in masses of ruin and blackened ashes.) There were seven windows in front facing the sea, and thirty-six beds arranged in it, were speedily filled; nor did the occupants of them remain long, as death and the doctors were active in sweeping off the unfortunate victims. There was no distinction as to rank,—officers and men occupied the same apartments; and in less than a fortnight I found myself an inmate of this splendid mansion, stretched out with the prevalent disease, and without a ray of hope that I should ever quit it again in life. In fact, there was sufficient to destroy all hope, for in about the compass of an hour after being deposited on the mattress, I saw two dead bodies carried out past me, and before the day was closed, no less than six had expired in sight of all the rest. Never shall I forget my already agonized feelings at witnessing this spirit-damping, soul-subduing spectacle, which must have had a dreadful effect in hastening the departure of many of the poor fellows who were still struggling to live.

On the bed at my right hand laid the captain of the fore-castle, a fine, handsome-looking man, six feet in height, and about forty years of age; on my left, was a maintop-man, a smart, active little chap, whose temper nobody could ruffle; but there they were now, perfectly sensible, and fully aware, from the scenes that were passing before them, that their own fate was sealed. The attendants were old seamen, chiefly of the after-guard, who had braved every climate, and I may also say, every disease under the sun; but they were never thoroughly sober, and at night, when the eye of authority was not upon them, they were generally right-down drunk, and yet no one of these men took the fever. It may be supposed that, under such circumstances, great neglect ensued; in fact, with the exception of one of the assistant-surgeons, very little attention was paid to the unhappy men, who were compelled to be *patients* in reality.

On the second day, seven bodies were carried

out, but their places were filled again in the course of a few hours, and I was looking forward to the time when mine also would become vacant, for I deemed it impossible to live in such a dreadful condition. Some of the deaths were horribly terrific, others passed quietly away, nor was it known, except by inspection, that their spirits had fled; several were madly intoxicated, for, though the bringing in of liquor was strictly prohibited, yet, as the attendants could obtain it, and money was freely given, there was but small restraint in that particular; and it is worthy of remark that, where stimulants were moderately taken, the men lasted the longest.

From the very first hour of my attack, I had felt a longing, restless desire for bottled porter,—it produced irritation when awake, and I dreamed of it in the fitful dozes which weary nature would steal in defiance of malady. I mentioned the circumstance to Simkins, the captain of the fore-castle, and begged him to tell me if he thought there were any means of procuring some.

"Lord love you—yes, sir," answered he; "but you know as its prohibyted, and so, in course, you must pay high for it."

I had secured round my person about thirty dollars—all I had in the world; and being satisfied there would be no want of cash for the period that I might want to enjoy it, I readily promised to find the money: he whispered to one of the attendants, and the matter was arranged. The porter would cost half a dollar, and he was to keep another half dollar to himself, on account of the risk he ran in smuggling it in against orders, but he declared that it was utterly impossible for him to procure any till the next day.

"I shall die if I do not have it at once," said I impatiently; "do let me entreat you to get me some without delay."

But he positively refused, and soon afterwards quitted the room.

"I cannot hold it out, Simkins," uttered I, as tears started to my eyes; "and, oh! I think a draught of porter would save me."

"Well, it's a hard case, Muster—," responded he. "As for myself, I knows as I'm out-ard bound, and so in consequence it arn't of much matter; but you shan't slip your cable, sir, for the wants of a drop of porter, seeing as I've got a bottle under my head; but, Lord love your heart, keep a sharp look-out, and do it on the sly."

In an instant I was on the move; the bottle was produced; but as we were without any instrument whatever, it was impossible to remove the wire that was over the cork. Simkins got a rope-yarn, and taking a round turn on the lower part of the neck, he gave me one end, whilst he held the other, and fixed the bottle between his knees.

"Now, saw wood, Muster —," said he, "and be as smart as you can about it; there—that's it—it will soon be hot."

I did as I was directed; the rope-yarn rubbed with velocity against the glass; the friction caused it to get heated, and when supposed to be sufficiently so, he struck the muzzle a slight rap on the bed-stock, and the neck broke off as clean as if it had been cut with a diamond.

"There, I knowed we should do it," said he, with seeming glee, though he shook terribly from the exertion; "and now, Muster —, you shall have the first bite out of it."

I grasped the bottle, applied it to my lips, and never, in the whole course of my life, did I enjoy

a sweeter draught. I then handed the bottle to him, and holding it in both of his tremulous hands, as he sat up in his bed, he raised it to his mouth. I heard the liquid gurgling down his throat with unusual noise; it was a sort of eager chuckling, as if pleased with the beverage which he persisted in swallowing. Suddenly his hands fell, his features became distorted, and he laid back upon his pillow a corpse.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the sensations that came over me on witnessing so sudden an exit, especially as I attributed it to the porter, and concluded that my own end was close at hand. Horror, remorse, and dread, took possession of my faculties, and I threw myself down on my mattress in despair. On rising up again, I found a fresh tenant on each side of me. I had slept soundly for three hours, insensible to the removal of poor Simkins, and ignorant that the maintop-man had also breathed his last. Instead of following the example of the captain of the fore-castle, I felt greatly refreshed; and whilst my money lasted, which was about eight weeks, I regularly drank half a bottle of porter a day, and continued undetected. At last, my only remaining dollar was swallowed; and though convalescent, I was still far from being well.

It was in vain that I entreated for credit; the fellow had no creditable bowels of compassion; and though depriving me of porter might bring me to my bier, yet to my bier I might go for anything that he cared. After the stoppage of the tap, I pined away, and gradually declined, to the great surprise of the assistant-surgeon, who had prided himself upon making a cure of me, the only one saved out of so many, with the exception of a carpenter's mate, who was recovering. The doctor was puzzled, till an attendant, who was in the secret, told him of my longing for porter. He questioned me on the subject, and I admitted the fact.

"It will most assuredly be your death if you take it," said he, positively.

"I shall die if I don't," said I, with equal assurance.

"It is very strange," remarked he; "how long have you had this desire?"

I saw it was of no use to continue concealment, so I frankly told him that I had never been a day without it since I first entered the hospital. He was some time before he would credit it; at length, however, he was convinced.

"I am a porter-drinker myself," said he, "but in moderation; and as you say you have accustomed yourself to it, you shall not want for your usual allowance now."

Every day I went to his room and had my glass of porter; and a fortnight afterwards I was able to join the ship. Whether it was sheer imagination that carried me through, or the invigorating influences of the porter that made me stout, I shall leave for others to determine; but I cannot conceive that the practice is judicious, which deprives men suddenly of stimulants, after having been accustomed to them all their lives. Imagination, however, goes very far, as was instanced in the case of the carpenter's mate. At the back of the hospital was a delightful garden, with a sunk marble basin in the centre, beneath the beautiful arched branches of trees that afforded a pleasant shade; it had formerly been designed for a fountain. Whilst walking there one very hot day, Bruce expressed a wish to jump down into the

water and roll about in it; but he was told if he were to do so, it would be impossible for him to survive. Still whenever we went into the garden, he would linger over the spot and reiterate his wishes. This man suffered a relapse, and was attacked with brain-fever, that rendered him delirious. One night he was missing from the room, and though every search was made for him, he was nowhere to be found. In the morning I was informed of his absence, and remembering his predilection for the fountain, inquired whether they had looked for him there. I was answered in the negative, and we at once went to the place, where we found the carpenter's mate up to his neck in the water, in which he had been for several hours, and luxuriating in his cold bath. He was lifted out, carried to his bed; and being wrapped up warm, a profuse perspiration was induced; his intellects resumed their functions, the fever left him, and in another week he returned to his duty.

I have witnessed numerous other instances of a similar nature; and as for the old practice, I trust I may never see any more of it. Thank God, the surgeons of the present day, in both services, are men of superior talent; the treatment is that of rational beings; and we shall be spared the infliction of a Jack Rattlin bawling into the ears of a dying man, "Hilloa, shipmate! howld on by the life-lines till the doctor comes."

From the United Service Magazine.

ADMIRAL DE WINTER'S SURRENDER.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ.

THERE is a little episode connected with the glorious victory of Camperdown, which forms a very important feature in the events of the day, and yet, singularly enough, has been upon the very brink of oblivion. The fact that Admiral De Winter was conveyed from his ship, the *Vryheid*, to the *Venerable*, by Lieut. Charles Richardson, in the jolly-boat belonging to the *Circe* frigate, of which he was First Lieutenant; and that the Dutch Admiral then delivered up his sword to Admiral Duncan, is well known; but it is not so well known that the event was brought about by the foresight of the officer above named, and that but for his precaution and suggestion, the Dutch admiral would in all probability have escaped capture.

The manner in which the incident was restored to light, after having slept nearly half a century, is this; a gentleman of the legal profession, in the course of conversation respecting Camperdown, related the following, which he afterwards committed to paper:—

"My father was largely engaged in business as a ship-broker, and was employed in some matters connected with that occupation on the arrival of the victorious fleet at Yarmouth, which he in consequence visited, and where he dined with Admiral De Winter, and, I think, Lord Duncan, as well as several of the Dutch officers, in the cabin of Lord Duncan's flag ship. Before my father left town, he had seen a statement, that after De Winter's ship had struck, and, I think, in his passage to the *Venerable*, he fell overboard, but without suffering any material inconvenience. In the

course of conversation at the dinner-table, my father asked Admiral De Winter some question referring to this incident. The admiral asked where my father had heard that he fell overboard; and he replied that he had seen it so stated in the London papers. The admiral, with some surprise, turned to his own officers, fellow-prisoners with him, and asked if they had heard of it, to which they all answered in the negative. De Winter said, "Now this is strange: an accident is stated to have occurred to me after the engagement; none of my officers have heard of it, nor any of the British officers at the table; and this story is told in the London papers, and brought down here by a gentleman who read it there, and yet it is all true."

It is clear, that without some corroboration, this anecdote would have been received only as a mere tradition, and Admiral De Winter's ducking could not have been treated as a well-ascertained fact; but knowing, that the only officer who could, after this lapse of time, confirm and explain the circumstance was yet, happily, on the navy list, a reference was made to him, and by his (Rear Admiral Sir Charles Richardson, K.C.B.'s) kind permission, we now publish his narrative of all that occurred on the occasion.

"When the *Vryheid*'s masts went by the board, her position was, perhaps, two cables' length on the weather-quarter of Admiral Duncan's flag ship, the *Venerable*. Both ships ceased firing; but the action continued both ahead and astern of them. I said to Captain Halket, 'If you have ever read the history of the Dutch wars, you will be aware, that De Winter will run all risks to get on board some other Dutch ship, as De Ruyter and other French admirals did formerly.* It is evident that the *Venerable* cannot have a boat that will swim. I, therefore, volunteer my services to take him out of his ship, before he can effect his escape, if you will give me the jolly-boat only.' He replied, 'If you can find volunteers you have my permission.'

"In a minute the boat was lowered, and manned by four seamen and myself. There was too much sea to approach the *Vryheid* on the weather side; and a whole raft of masts and yards was under her lee. Leaving a boat-keeper in the boat, and accompanied by the other three men, I scrambled over the wreck, and on reaching the quarter-deck found De Winter on his knees *holding a square of sheet lead, while a carpenter was nailing it over a shot hole in the bottom of a small punt about twelve feet in length*, which was to have been launched for the admiral's use and escape. Putting my hand upon his shoulder, and telling him he was my prisoner, I demanded his sword, and promised to conduct him to Admiral Duncan in a safer boat than that on which he was engaged.

"He said, 'This, my destiny, was not foreseen,' and, walking aft with me, he directed my attention to a small bureau which contained his public and private papers, and begged me to save it from being plundered. I promised him it should not be opened, and gave him to understand, that

* I have been trying to discover an instance of our having made a Dutch admiral prisoner, and have not succeeded. It will be remembered, that Cornelius Tromp shifted his flag from two disabled ships.—J. A.

Admiral Duncan would ratify my promise. De Winter then took leave of a young officer (I believe his nephew) who was desperately wounded, and accompanied me to the gangway, the officers and crew making way for him, and many kneeling took their leave of him.

"To get into the boat we had to recross the raft of masts and spars alongside; and two of my boat's crew, one on each side, supported the admiral. Notwithstanding the carefulness observed, however, De Winter stepped on a portion of the maintopmast, about the centre of the spar; but from its having no rigging attached to it, it turned round, and the admiral disappeared. Whilst expecting his rising, I observed the crown of his head lifting some canvass, which was lying over the raft, and a sailor in a moment slit the sail with his knife, and we had the happiness to save our gallant prisoner's life.

In rowing towards the Venerable, De Winter expressed a wish that I should restore him his sword, in order that he might personally deliver it to Admiral Duncan, saying, at the same time, 'I hope to have the honor of presenting you with one more valuable.' I complied, and he had his desire gratified. The above may be looked upon as a long and tedious yarn, but such as it is, I vouch for its truth."

It is stated, in the paper entitled *The Heroes of Camperdown*, inserted in the January number of the Magazine, that Admiral De Winter was wounded, and died in London; but this misstatement has been rectified by a correspondent. Admiral De Winter was the only officer on his quarter-deck who escaped unhurt; and was afterwards ambassador from his government to the Court of France; but Admiral Reyntjies, the second in command, was wounded, and died in London. Lieutenant James Oswald served as a volunteer on board the Venerable. In addition to the above, Mr. Hamilton, who commanded the Active, hired armed cutter, in the action, states:—

"I send you a list, as far as I can recollect, of the officers present on the Venerable's quarter-deck, when Admiral De Winter resigned his sword:—Admiral Duncan, Capt. Fairfax; Lieutenants Cleland, Renton, Little, Skinner, and Oswald; Mr. Patterson, Master; and Major Trollope and Lieutenant O'Malley, of the Marines, all of the Venerable; Lieutenant Richardson, Mr. Burnet, Secretary, myself, and Mr. Crosse, Boat-swain."

We make no comment upon the omission of Lieutenant Richardson's name from among the promotions consequent upon the action, except that we cannot believe the British admiral to have been fully in possession of the above facts, when he wrote his official letter. It is possible, however, that Lieutenant Richardson's modesty might have stood in his way, for, his conduct, if strongly represented, would in all probability have insured his immediate advancement.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—We have heard of Young Germany, Young France, and Young Italy; and there is one difference between all these parties

and the section called Young England. Young England looks only to the past; all the others look to the future. The golden age of Young England is nowhere to be found. We have repeatedly glanced at history, and find there no such thing. Young England, if they are honestly seeking this impracticable state of society, are like the boy running backwards to catch the rainbow. There is no provision for the revival of the past state of things; and there is nothing which would render such a retrogression desirable, if it were possible. But there is the heart of Young England in what has gone by, while the youth of every other nation has its millennium to come. Every other sees the golden age in the future, not in the past; it traces progress in the history of mankind; it believes that new principles must come into play in the world, as new emergencies arise; that whenever any agency of civilization has done its work, it must pass away from the world, and give place to something better; that the hopes of humanity rest not on our going backwards, but onwards; growing up to maturity as the child does, realizing the rights, privileges, and enjoyments of manhood.—*Mr. Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes, reported in "The Artizan."*

From Capt. Bellew's Reminiscences in the Asiatic Journal.

RAJPOOTANA.

THERE is amongst the majority of the people here at home, many of them ranking with the well-informed, a great lack of correct information touching our Eastern possessions. A sort of confused notion certainly prevails, that India is inhabited throughout by an homogeneous race called Hindoos or Gentoos; that they are very mild and timid, eat an enormous quantity of rice, never touch animal food, and, unlike the rest of the world, are held in singular subjection, and kept in darkness, by their brahmins or priests; and moreover, that the sepoys constitute a distinct or fighting caste, like a breed of game-cocks amongst so many dunghills. The fact is, they are all blacks, and wear turbans, two overpowering features with them, in which all minor distinctions are merged. Now it would be just as ridiculous, and wide of the mark, were a Hindoo to infer (which doubtless he would, and I believe does) that there are no essential differences between European nations, because all are Christians, are more or less fair, and wear hats. The truth is, that in India, with some generic resemblances, varying in degree, there are, perhaps, more marked distinctions perceptible in its various races than exist amongst the nations of Europe; and the study and observation of their peculiarities, their strange rites, ceremonies, and usages, which seem for the most part more like the vagaries of hideous dreams, or the incoherent imaginings of insanity reduced to action, than the emanations of reasoning minds, are still most interesting. Far from being characterized by uniformity, excepting in some few leading points, India is the land of extremes and diversities, the wildest and most strange that the human brain ever originated, and surely, if the angels do ever "weep" at man's "fantastic tricks," they would there find enough employment for their tears. There are to be found men who will undergo penance for the involuntary destruction of a fly, and the ruthless Thugs whose vocation is systematized murder—pure caste Brahmins, whose aliment is vegetable, and whose drink is water, who shrink from the

dread of touch and contamination, and foul Agouri Punts, who feed on ordure and human flesh; there you will see the veiled and bashful maiden conversing with and caressing the stark-naked fakeer, and men flying like sheep, under some circumstances, who would die like stoics or Spartans under others; timid women mounting the dreadful pile, and encountering the most horrible of deaths, with a calmness and fortitude not surpassed by any of the "noble army of martyrs," from Polycarp to Latimer, displaying a courage to which that requisite for a charge or a forlorn hope fades into insignificance; men serving under and sacrificing their lives for foreigners, whose feelings and customs are the antipodes of their own, and who, though indifferent to the claims of country, are yet singularly faithful to their "salt:" in short, it is the land of inconsistencies and extremes, a most curious field for him who makes mind and its various manifestations his study.

We had now entered the country of one of these diversities, the Rajpoots, a picturesque and interesting people, yielding to none of the races of India in their antique claims and singular usages, on whose manners, customs, and polity the writings of Colonel Tod (whom I met for the first time during these operations) have thrown an ample light. The principal tribes or castes of Rajasthan are the Seesodia, the Cutchewa, and the Rhatore or Bawtee; the first, the highest and purest of the Khatri or soldier division in India, inhabit Mewar and the territories of the Odeypoor rajah principally; the second, Jypoor and its dependencies, and the others Marwar and the Joudhpoor dominions. They are a handsome, but not very muscular race of men, with hooked noses and rather Jewish features, and are distinguished by peculiarities of dress, the length and cut of the beard, and above all, by the form of the turban, which, from the gay blending of its colors, is very becoming, particularly that of the Rhatore, the ample mass of which, when adorned with a plume of heron's feathers and a sort of cockade, as is often the case, is very noble and imposing. Our march, hitherto very pleasant, had been rendered so by the coolness of the climate, the wild and novel character of the country, almost (from raids and maraudings) in a state of nature, and its concomitant, a great abundance of game. The wild peafowl we find particularly numerous in this part, where, in common with monkeys, cows, and pigeons, they are deemed sacred, and we, for killing them, a most sacrilegious set of barbarians; indeed, apart from any religious feeling, a man may well feel justly incensed to see the ornaments of his groves and fields ruthlessly slaughtered. However, John's "destructiveness" is large, and he cannot help it. The European soldiers of the army used to hunt them down on foot, till prohibited; and whilst encamped in the Biana pass, (on the confines of the Jhaut country,) I once or twice encountered small parties of weary sportsmen in their shirt sleeves, or undress jackets, trudging to camp very consequentially with two or three peafowl dangling to a stick, which they had contrived to kill without the aid of fire-arms. If you find the wild peacock in an extensive plain, and are tolerably mounted, you may easily make sure of him. I once, in this same country, but on another occasion, rode down a peacock, and a noble fellow he was, with a magnificent tail. The particulars, as showing how the thing may be done, and as a guide to future sportsmen, I will relate.

I first caught a sight of him in a wide expanse of plain, thinly clothed with grass, dotted with clumps of the byur thorn, and remote from woods or other cover. I put my horse into a hand-gallop, and as I approached, the bird commenced running very actively, I following, though not so near as to induce him to take flight, till I thought I had sufficiently fatigued him to make him feel his tail a burthen, when I rode in upon and forced him to rise. He took a pretty long flight, but settled far short of the cover, which, if nearer, would have saved him. I now felt assured that he could never take wing again, and would soon be mine by all the laws of strategy and war. I consequently pushed him hard, and vigorously did the poor fellow travel with neck outstretched and open mouth, whilst his radiant tail, the cause of all his misfortune, undulated and glistened in the sunshine as he vainly strove to escape me. At length, ostrich-like, he ran his head desperately into a little tuft of byur bush, inferring, no doubt (birds are indifferent logicians) that, as he could not see me, I could not see him. In this I need hardly say he was mistaken; so I dismounted without more ado, and made him my prisoner. I then placed him under my right arm, he still panting, and with his tail streaming over my horse's crupper, spurred away to rejoin my regiment, where my appearance with my gorgeous prize called forth many congratulations and expressions of surprise. I intended to have domesticated my peacock, and thought what an ornament he would be, perched on the ridge of my bungalow; but he died of exhaustion or a broken heart that same night,—a premature end, too often, alas! the lot of those that are "fair to look upon."

Amongst other game, and pretty abundant here, in these grass plains, (but slightly mingled with cultivation at that time,) were hogs, antelopes, the ravine deer, the painted partridge, and bustard; the latter so excessively shy, that it was almost impossible to come within shot of them; indeed, I do not think that half a dozen were killed during the whole time the army was out. The best chance we had of hitting them was to ride across their line of flight and fire upwards at them as they passed over. I never killed one in this way myself, nor in any other; but I heard that it was tried with success. One morning, after leaving Hindown, the baggage and camp-followers on the flank, we put up a large drove of wild hogs, which went jolting along at a great rate. The moment the gruntings, young and old, were perceived, a "view halloo" was raised by many of the officers of the nearest regiments, one of which mine was. One seized a hog-spear, another a sergeant's pike, another a stick, and a chevry instantly commenced. The drove, which had kept pretty compact till charged, were soon dispersed; some hunters following one, and some another. I contrived, aided by my dogs, to kill one half-grown pig, a delicate porker, which on reaching camp I sent, with my "*bhote bhote salaam*," to Col. Bobbery, thinking I should be recommended for the adjutancy when it became vacant, at the very least, as a small acknowledgment of my attention; but the colonel, to my surprise and consternation, fell into a violent passion, telling my servant to "*jou jehannum*," and take the pig to the devil. He, however, not knowing where to find that personage, and moreover having no "*hookum*" for its ulterior disposal, brought it back to me. The fact was, the colonel had imbibed a few Eastern prejudices, both Hindoo

and Mahommedan, not an uncommon thing amongst Indian veterans, and amongst these was an aversion to the unclean beast—whether of the sty or jungle.

Amongst other things I noticed in Rajpootna, was the rotten state of the ground, which, where not cultivated, was penetrated by cracks, or more commonly deep rugged holes, rendered doubly dangerous to horse and rider from their being generally concealed by long grass. These holes were, on an average, two or three feet deep and one or two broad, or perhaps not so much; many of our officers got severe tumbles from them; and I remember one morning seeing a remarkably fine young man, a trooper of the 8th dragoons, killed on the spot, in consequence of his horse falling with him. He had left some part of his accoutrements behind at our former ground of encampment, and was thundering past at full speed to recover them; when his horse, about twenty yards distant from where I rode, put his foot in one of these concealed holes, and came down with terrific force, rolling over and over. The trooper, fixed in his high-peaked saddle, and further bolstered up by sheepskin, holsters, &c., instead of being propelled from his seat, unhappily retained it, and every roll of his heavy charger (and he made two or three before he regained his legs) must have cracked his back and bones. At length, the horse, staggered and stunned, and covered with dust, arose and shook himself, and several persons, amongst whom I was one, ran forward to raise the prostrate dragoon. We soon got him into a doolie which was passing, and placed him on his side, when he threw up a vast quantity of blood, and instantly expired. These holes are formed, I imagine, by the joint operation of the sun and rain, particularly by the latter, filtrating through the grass.

We crossed the Banass river at Bhugwuntghur, the approach laying through a long succession of ravines. Here several balls were picked up by our people, supposed to have been fired by Colonel Monson during his celebrated retreat, or rather flight, before the forces of Holkar, when he was here hard pressed and hotly attacked by the Maharrattas. The memory of this event we found still strong in this country, and when alluding to it, the people would say, without any delicacy or circumlocution, "*Jub Munseen (Monson) bagha*," "when Monson ran away:" indeed, it seemed quite an era amongst them. Probably, it having been then almost the only event interesting to them, with which we were immediately connected, up to that period, it was natural they should allude to it in their conversation with us. The natives are fond of reminding Europeans of any defeat or disaster, and before the capture of Bhurtpore, I have frequently had our former failure there thrown in my teeth. Garnets abound in the Banass river; indeed, when, many months after, we re-crossed it higher up, at Tonk Rampoor, we found the sand in some places to consist of pulverized garnets; this many of the officers collected and used for dusting their letters. The large stones, many of which I picked up, were like lumps of rudely-fused blackish glass; plainly proving, I think, their igneous origin.

We made halts at Dublana and Doogaree, both very picturesque spots particularly the latter, where there is a woody hill, crowned with a fort or castle, and a temple, and behind it a lake or jheel, of considerable extent, abounding in snipe and waterfowl of all descriptions. After the latter had been

once roused by a shot or two, the sportsman had here no occasion to walk about much, for he had only to sit down, with his back against a bank, and fire overhead at the strings of ducks and widgeons as they passed and repassed in all directions, to insure a good bagfull.

From Doogaree we marched to Boondee, through the beautiful pass bearing the same name, which is considered as one of the keys of Upper India. The pass is entered from the plains of Rajpootana through a battlemented gateway, forming an angle, of which the walls ascending the hills to the right and left constitute the converging lines. After passing the portal, the army entered on a woody and stony valley, formed by a duplication of the range of hills, which improved in richness and beauty, and the generally interesting nature of its features, as we advanced. After skirting the scrubby wood for some distance, during which a large elk crossed the road, picturesque scenes of gardens and groves, interspersed with summer retreats, temples, and mausolea, opened upon us, whilst a small shallow lake on the left mirrored these various attractions. I was strongly reminded by one or two cool, delicious woodland peeps, of Rasselas' Happy Valley. It was a striking sight, our efficient little army, infantry and dragoons, regular and irregular horse, and artillery, &c., with the long strings of camels, baggage-elephants, and followers, &c., wending their way through this romantic defile; the gleaming bayonets flashing through clouds of dust, and the fluttering pennons of the irregular horse, and many a gaudy turban and gay pashak, contrasting with the verdant background of "waving woods," above which on one hand towered the hills, crowned with fortifications, whilst on the other spread the small sheet of water I have mentioned, in still repose; the motionless and milk-white stork complacently viewing himself in its glossy surface. I here witnessed a strange but comical occurrence. A small body of Gardner's Irregulars, some six or eight perhaps, were in the act of watering their horses in the above shallow lake, into which they had ridden; the heads of their steeds were down, and they were quietly imbibing the refreshing element, the picturesque riders themselves, with poised spears, or matchlocks, or folded arms, quietly waiting till they had satisfied themselves, when suddenly, to my extreme surprise, (for I had my eye upon them at the moment,) two or three of the horses went down head foremost, as if shot, rolling and floundering in a manner the most extraordinary; simultaneously, others canted over in a reverse direction, falling back on their riders, and in a trice the whole party were struggling and tumbling about in a manner the most ludicrous, whilst the astonished sowars, thus singularly aroused from their cogitations, minus their caps, drenched and bemired, were struggling to get out of the unexpected mess as soon as they could. The explanation of all this is, that they had been standing on a quicksand or quagmire, the crust of which had suddenly given way at all points, and hence the laughable *bouleversement* I have described, which was rendered doubly amusing (for amusing it was, as there were no bones broken) by its supervening with such extreme suddenness on a state of perfect repose. A little beyond this lake, the valley contracted, and we had groves and gardens on either hand; in one on the left, encompassed by a lofty wall, were numerous tombs, some of them very pretty, erected over the remains of former chieftains of

Boondee and their relations. Their character was nearly alike, a square base of massive masonry, with rude figures of horsemen and elephants carved upon them. This base was generally surmounted by a massive dome, supported by columns or arches.

From the Spectator.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

DR. DURBIN is a Wesleyan minister, and the president of Dickenson College in the United States. He has travelled, with what particular object does not appear, over Great Britain, the European continent, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The present account of his travels only embraces a journey through part of France and Italy, *viâ* Havre, Paris, Lyons, Chambéry, and Geneva; a Swiss tour in search of the picturesque; a descent of the Rhine, with a visit to Waterloo; and a railway run from London, by Birmingham and Manchester, to Sheffield, which was followed by a more ramified journey through Scotland and Ireland. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, are to appear upon some future occasion.

The character of the work is correctly conveyed by its title. Remark or disquisition founded on "observation" predominates over narrative and description. The topics that employ Dr. Durbin are various, solid, and important in themselves, though not always appropriate to a divine, or well adapted to his handling, at least according to English ideas. In Paris the author investigates morals and religion with considerable sense, fairness, and acumen. He then takes up Louis Philippe; censuring the art by which poor old La Fayette, with his "throne surrounded by republican institutions," was duped, and the manner in which the king's government is carried on, and making some just remarks in a comparison between French and English liberty. The journey to Italy affords opportunity for some observations on the agriculture of France, Geneva, and Switzerland, for various remarks on politics and religion; but as the facts were only gathered *en route* they are not very remarkable. The Rhine and Holland is little more than the narrative of a rapid journey; but at Waterloo the president and doctor of divinity shows off in that peculiar style which the reader may imagine by superadding the self-satisfied sufficiency of an American democrat to the infallibility of an anti-state-church divine. He gives an account of the battle, and sets all right. "Even at this time," some time between five and seven, "notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the allied army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle"—but that he lost it. Waterloo, however, is not the only subject Dr. Durbin settles. In gratitude to "Heaven, that made him with such large discourse," he looks "before and after;" beginning with the French revolution and ending with the holy alliance, the present time, and a

slight infusion of prophecy. The intermediate parts are the rule of Napoleon, and the consequences of Waterloo—which the doctor pronounces mischievous to the best interests of mankind. He does indeed admit that the rule of Napoleon was somewhat stringent, especially in the conquered nations; but the poor soul was forced to it; and when he returned from Elba, he was going to govern quite constitutionally. The Ethiop had not changed his skin, but he would have done it; we have the professor's word for that. The tone of all this part is Dr. Durbin's, but the matter is old and pretty nigh obsolete—drawn from whiggery of five-and-twenty years old, and voices from St. Helena.

The discussions on England relate to religion, chiefly among the Wesleyans, and to the political or social condition of the people. The account of the religious world, so far as Dr. Durbin saw it, is succinct and informing; though his bias for the voluntary principle, and the overturning of all churches opposed to that view, (which scarcely seems a sequence of the voluntary principle,) is plumply if not needlessly put forth. He traces the evils of the social condition of England to the aristocracy and the law of primogeniture, and mainly looks to a more equal division of land for their removal. The moral results of primogeniture for good or evil are fair matter of argument, though not so easily settled as the doctor supposes; the economical consequences, which, in an earlier stage of society, might follow from an equal division of property, are also a moot point; but the idea of making an old society such as ours richer by redistributing its wealth, shows that the president of Dickenson College has not yet conquered the whole range of human knowledge. His position that Great Britain will henceforth have to rely upon her colonies, mainly, for her foreign trade, and that we should encourage a large annual emigration, is sounder.

Although observations, such as we have indicated, give the distinctive character to the work, there is still a great deal of narrative. Some of this, though interesting to Americans, is commonplace to European readers, because it merely consists of an account of public places, substantially the matter of a guide-book, or of things with which one is familiar either in reality or in description; and as Dr. Durbin scrupulously avoids any personal sketches or accounts of private society, the principal source of attraction in his narrative is the interest which the remarks of an observing stranger always possess. The narrative parts, however, are not trite; for Dr. Durbin is rapid, and has the art of rejecting all common accounts of every-day occurrences.

It is in these narrative parts that Dr. Durbin is seen to the best advantage; because the faults of his character are national or professional, not individual. Between man and man, his opinions are fair and candid; as indeed they are generally

where democracy or a state church does not enter into the question. Even on religious topics, and on such a form of religion as Popery, which he denounces—and, we think, on the true ground of its tendency to subvert all freedom of thought—he can form an unprejudiced judgment, and even a hearty approval of its merits, when he is carried into Alpine solitudes. Hear the Wesleyan doctor on the monks of St. Bernard and mass.

"We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without, the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I felt its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ-tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass; and I honored in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honor them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue, and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honor them when he does see them."

It will be seen by the following that Dr. Durbin is a "teetotaller," and was unprepared for the "friendly bowl" he found mingling with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" amongst

SERIOUS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and, being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age; the president and secretary of the conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the bishops among us. Young persons are less obtrusive and more attentive than in America.

Breakfast parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner; the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively and pleasant; the dinner-talk being varied by discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humored. The junior members of the company would listen to the conversation of the nearest group, and hardly ever spoke except to cry "Hear, hear!" when some especially good thing was saying. * * *

There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home,

and which recalled to my mind my earliest visits to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to "have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," especially when, according to usage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire, the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England without being offered a glass of wine afterwards in the vestry. Wine was frequently distributed in conference during its active session. The temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking, not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago.

ENGLISH STAGE-COACHES AND LANDSCAPES.

At Darlington, for the first time, we embarked in an English stage-coach. All that I had read of the superiority of English roads, coaches, and cattle, was fully realized. The coach is a neat affair, not by any means built on scientific principles, for the centre of gravity is alarmingly high; but yet, such is the excellence of the roads and the skill of the drivers, that this is a matter of no account. * * *

The inside of the coach was fully taken up, so that we had to take our places outside; no loss, however, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing one of the finest districts of England. There is no rural scenery in the world like that of England. The fields, as we passed, were ripening for the harvest, and groaned under the precious grain; the pastures, with the same deep, luxuriant growth that I have before noticed, were covered with herds of the finest cattle; and now and then appeared one of the noble mansions of England imbosomed in its magnificent park. Well may an Englishman be proud of his native isle when he travels through her unrivalled agricultural districts.

GOLD FROM RUSSIA.—The Russian frigate Aurora, from St. Petersburg, with valuable presents for her Majesty, and a large amount of gold, dropped anchor off the custom-house at Gravesend. Next morning several boats, containing eighty boxes bound with red tape and impressed with custom-house seals, were landed at the wharf, and immediately packed in three uncovered light wagons, drawn each by four horses. Shortly before five o'clock a Russian non-commissioned officer and several soldiers entered the wagons, together with a police constable from the metropolitan force in each wagon. From the immense weight of the boxes, the wagons did not reach Blackheath until nine o'clock, the horses much distressed. They halted, and then went forward escorted by some mounted police to the Bank of England. The packages were then taken from the wagons, and sealed in the presence of the principal officers of customs. The whole of the valuable property contained in wooden boxes weighed just six tons, which were safely deposited in the vaults of the bank. It was rumored that the gold was sent to this country for the purpose of being refined, and that the frigate would remain three weeks in the river for the purpose of taking it away when so prepared.

From the Spectator.

JOSIAH GREGG'S COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.*

MR. GREGG's health had been gradually declining under a "complication of chronic disorders,"—or, judging from the result, his digestive and nervous systems were very much out of order. While he was in this condition, "scarcely able to walk across his chamber," his physicians prescribed a favorite American remedy—a tour upon the Prairies. Provided with a "dearborn," the carriage of the far West, and various little articles of luxury for an invalid, our author joined himself to a trading caravan about to start for Santa Fé, the frontier town of Mexico; and left Independence, the last settlement on the Missouri, in May, 1831. Before a week elapsed, Mr. Gregg had quitted his carriage, saddled his pony, and when the caravan reached the Buffalo-range, was not only as eager for the chase as the sturdiest of his companions, but enjoyed "far more exquisitely his share of the buffalo than all the delicacies which were ever devised to provoke the most fastidious appetite." The consequence was, not only a perfect restoration of health, but a love for adventurous life; which induced him to embark in the Santa Fé trade himself. In this vocation he continued till the late closing of the frontier-towns against the over-land trade; having crossed the Prairies eight times, and sojourned in Mexico for parts of nine years,—that is, the caravans start in the spring, remain some time in Mexico to transact their business, and then return in the autumn: but Mr. Gregg appears only occasionally to have accompanied his goods, having established a "house" in Mexico.

Accustomed from youth to keep a diary, Mr. Gregg did not discontinue the practice when roaming the wilderness or living among the very primitive society of Northern Mexico. From his own memorandums, oral information, and the assistance afforded by the journals of some fellow-traders, he has compiled these volumes; which exhibit his knowledge in three phases,—first a narrative of his most remarkable trips across the Prairies, and of several journeys through the interior of Mexico; second, a descriptive account of the Indians of the Southern Prairies and the Northern Mexicans; third, some digested information respecting the over-land trade from the United States to Mexico.

In some particulars Mr. Gregg is a superior person to the majority of the American ready-made travellers who have published narratives of their rapid journeyings through different parts of the hemisphere. His education appears to have been of a higher kind, rising even to scientific; for he represents himself as capable of taking geographi-

cal observations. He has also less dogmatism in his tone, less onesidedness in his views, and more of that tolerant spirit which distinguishes persons who by large experience or extensive reading have shaken off the prejudices of the vulgar. His style, however, is less vivacious than that of the go-ahead gentry; nor does he deal in so many moving accidents by flood or field, or at least make so much of them. The *Commerce of the Prairies* gives us the reality, not the romance.

Beyond his practical information upon the over-land trade, with some particulars respecting the Indians, and the present state of society in Mexico, Mr. Gregg's book does not add anything to our general knowledge beyond what Kendall's and Farnham's narratives supply; whilst it is deficient in the fearful privations Farnham underwent in the route between the Mexican frontier and the Oregon territory, and wants the larger historical interest of Kendall's Texan Expedition, with the subsequent capture and confinement of the heroes. It is also less striking in its narrative than either of those works; Mr. Gregg being less skilful as a mere literary artist, though, we incline to think, a more trustworthy describer. There is less of the wonderful: yet many of his incidents are sufficiently strange or touching. Here is an instance, in the doings of a

PROVINCIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

Knowing that they would not be safe in Santa Fé, the refugees pursued their flight southward, but were soon overtaken by the exasperated Pueblos; when the governor was chased back to the suburbs of the city, and savagely put to death. His body was then stripped and shockingly mangled: his head was carried as a trophy to the camp of the insurgents, who made a football of it among themselves. I had left the city the day before this sad catastrophe took place, and beheld the Indians scouring the fields in pursuit of their victims, though I was yet ignorant of their barbarous designs. I saw them surround a house and drag from it the secretary of state, Jesus Maria Alarid, generally known by the soubriquet of El Chico. He, and some other principal characters, who had also taken refuge among the *ranchos*, were soon afterwards stripped and scourged, and finally pierced through and through with lances; a mode of assassination styled in the vernacular of the country *á lanzadas*. Don Santiago Abreu, formerly governor, and decidedly the most famed character of N. Mexico, was butchered in a still more barbarous manner. They cut off his hands, pulled out his eyes and tongue, and otherwise mutilated his body: taunting him all the while with the crimes he was accused of, by shaking the shorn members in his face. Thus perished nearly a dozen of the most conspicuous men of the obnoxious party; whose bodies lay for several days exposed to the beasts and birds of prey.

On the 9th of August, about two thousand of the insurgent mob, including the Pueblo Indians, pitched their camp in the suburbs of the capital. The horrors of a *saqueo* (or plundering of the city) were now anticipated by every one. The American traders were particularly uneasy, expecting every instant that their lives and property would

* Commerce of the Prairies; or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader, during eight expeditions across the Great Western Prairies and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. Illustrated with maps and engravings. By Josiah Gregg. In two volumes. Wiley and Putnam.

fall a sacrifice to the ferocity of the rabble. But, to the great and most agreeable surprise of all, no outrage of any importance was committed upon either inhabitant or trader. A great portion of the insurgents remained in the city for about two days; during which, one of their boldest leaders, José Gonzalez of Taos, a good, honest hunter, but a very ignorant man, was elected for governor.

The first step of the revolutionists was to seize all the property of their proscribed or murdered victims, which was afterwards distributed among the victors by a decree of the *Asamblea general*; that being the title by which a council summoned together by Governor Gonzalez, and composed of all the alcaldes and principal characters of the territory, was dignified. The families of the unfortunate victims of this revolutionary movement were thus left destitute of everything; and the foreign merchants who had given the officers credit to a large amount upon the strength of their reputed property and salaries, remained without a single resource with which to cover their demands.

Among the incidents of life on the confines of Mexico, is the loss of women and children by the forcible abduction of the Prairie Indians; whose captives generally settle down contentedly into the savage life. Mr. Gregg, who encountered some of these persons, thus describes the scene:

"One woman, I observed, still lingered among the wagons, who, from certain peculiarities of features, struck me very forcibly as not being an Indian. In accordance with this impression, I addressed her in Spanish, and was soon confirmed in all my suspicions. She was from the neighborhood of Matamoros, and had been married to a Comanche since her captivity. She did not entertain the least desire of returning to her own people.

"My attention was next attracted by a sprightly lad, ten or twelve years old, whose nationality could scarcely be detected under his Indian guise. But, though quite 'Indianized,' he was exceedingly polite. I inquired of him in Spanish, 'Are you not a Mexican?' 'Yes, sir, I once was.' 'What is your name?' 'Bernardino Saenz, sir, at your service.' 'When and where were you taken?' 'About four years ago, at the Hacienda de las Animas, near Parral.' 'Shan't we buy you, and take you to your people?—we are going thither.' At this he hesitated a little, and then answered in an affecting tone, 'No, Señor: *ya soy demasiado bruto para vivir entre los Cristianos*.' (Oh, no! sir; I am now too much of a brute to live among Christians;) adding that, his owner was not there, and that he knew the Indian in whose charge he came would not sell him. * *

"Out of half-a-dozen Mexican captives that happened to be with our new visitors, we only met with one who manifested the slightest inclination to abandon Indian life. This was a stupid boy about fifteen years of age, who had probably been roughly treated on account of his laziness. We very soon struck a bargain with his owner, paying about the price of a mule for the little outcast, whom I sent to his family as soon as we reached Chihuahua. Notwithstanding the inherent stupidity of my protégé, I found him abundantly grateful—much to his credit, be it spoken—for the little service I had been able to render him."

TAILING, A NEW SPORT.

Among the Vaqueros, and even among persons of distinction, *el coleo* (tailing) is a much nobler exercise than the preceding, and is also generally reserved for days of festivity. For this sport the most untractable ox or bull is turned loose upon a level common; when all the parties who propose to join in the amusement, being already mounted, start off in pursuit of him. The most successful rider, as soon as he gets near enough to the bull, seizes him by the tail, and with a sudden manœuvre whirls him topsy-turvy upon the plain, to the no little risk of breaking his own neck, should his horse stumble or be tripped by the legs of the falling bull.

CHEROKEE INSOLVENTS LAW.

On the 28th of April we crossed the Arkansas river, a few miles above the mouth of the Canadian fork. We had only proceeded a short distance beyond when a Cherokee shopkeeper came up to us with an attachment for debt against a free mulatto, whom we had engaged as teamster. The poor fellow had no alternative but to return with the importunate creditor, who committed him at once to the care of "Judge Lynch" for trial. We ascertained afterwards that he had been sentenced to "take the benefit of the bankrupt law," after the manner of the Cherokees of that neighborhood. This is done by stripping and tying the victim to a tree; when each creditor, with a good cowhide or hickory switch in his hand, scores the amount of the bill due upon his bare back. One stripe for every dollar due is the usual process of "whitewashing;" and as the application of the lash is accompanied by all sorts of quaint remarks, the exhibition affords no small merriment to those present, with the exception, no doubt, of the delinquent himself. After the ordeal is over, the creditors declare themselves perfectly satisfied: nor could they, as is said, ever be persuaded thereafter to receive one red cent of the amount due, even if it were offered to them. As the poor mulatto was also in our debt, and was perhaps apprehensive that we might exact payment in the same currency, he never showed himself again.

A VERY striking work of art is at present on view at Howell and James'; an equestrian statuette of Napoleon, in bronze, by the Count d'Orsay. The emperor has a noble seat, and the horse looks conscious of his illustrious burthen: but the work is quiet, dignified, and unaffected; perfectly simple and without a particle of weakness. There is sufficient grace of execution to do ample justice to the calm beauty of the conception in this exquisite piece of sculpture.

No one who sees it will think this a partial judgment. As an illustration, by contrast, of the abortions of equestrian sculpture in every public place of this metropolis, Count d'Orsay's statuette is really very remarkable. His horse's legs neither caper in the air, nor stand as though planted in a ditch: yet who will question his breed, or his manly air of vigorous freedom? And the figure of Napoleon, looking at you with that aspect of sedate beauty and tranquil thought, is no less a proof of the artist's truth, noble grasp of the subject, and high poetical power.—*Examiner*.

From the Westminster Review.

History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons. In 10 vols. By ARCHIBALD ALISON. Blackwood and Sons.

WE have long wished to introduce this work to the knowledge of our readers, and ought, we confess, to have done so long ago. But the vast extent of the subject, the deep interest of the period, and the extraordinary magnitude of the matters treated of, have hitherto deterred us from making the attempt; while, at the same time, the singular admixture of serious faults which call for severe criticism, with great merits which excite our warmest admiration, render our task one of unusual perplexity. These considerations must be our excuse, both with Mr. Alison and with our readers, for having suffered so long a period to elapse before noticing a work which, with all its defects, is one of the ablest and most fascinating that, for many years, has fallen into our hands.

Mr. Alison seems to have been fully impressed with the importance of the task which he has undertaken, and with the responsibility attached to its performance in a diligent, honest and impartial spirit. He first conceived the idea of such a work, on witnessing the meeting of the allied sovereigns in Paris in 1814, after the fall of their great rival; and he has devoted nearly the whole of his leisure, since that period, to the collection of materials for his history, to the collation of conflicting authorities, and to a personal inspection of most of the scenes illustrated by the great events of the twenty-five years whose annalist he had resolved to become. The result of this patient and conscientious diligence is seen in the production of a work distinguished for fulness, general accuracy, and graphic power, and an impartiality the more remarkable as the author is a man of outrageous political prejudices, which, though they disfigure almost every chapter of his book, have never been allowed to cast a shade over the honorable fairness of the narrative. In all his descriptions, both of civil and military proceedings, Mr. Alison is particularly successful; and we could instance his account of the campaign of Aspern and Wagram, and his masterly view of the measures adopted by Napoleon for the reorganization of France from 1799 to 1804, as admirable specimens of his excellence in this line of historical writing.

These eminent merits are, however, materially dashed by qualities of a very opposite character, which greatly diminish both the pleasure and the instruction Mr. Alison's history would otherwise have been calculated to afford. The first and slightest of these is a wonderful verbosity, which, together with his incessant repetitions, has greatly contributed to swell out his book to its present unwieldy bulk; and to this we may add a carelessness of style often amounting to absolute obscurity. But we have been chiefly disappointed to perceive a deficiency of that comprehensive grasp of mind,

those powers of close reasoning, and that penetrating search into the hidden causes of great events, without which no historian can hope to live, and which no period of history more imperatively requires than the one which Mr. Alison has selected. His reflections, which are very lengthy and somewhat obtrusive, are not unfrequently trite, shallow, and declamatory, often marked by the blindest party prejudice, and delivered, at the same time, in a tone of dogmatism, which only the profoundest wisdom can render tolerable, but which profound wisdom never assumes.

The work embraces a period of twenty-five years, from the first outbreak of the French revolution to the final termination of the wars arising out of it, in 1815. It is comprised in ten volumes of excessive thickness, which, by a greater condensation of style, and the omission of all idle declamation and needless repetitions, will one day, we trust, be reduced to eight. We do not, however, find fault with the minute detail in which Mr. Alison has thought it wise to write the history of this period. Historical summaries and abridgments are, of all works, the most useless and the most dull. If the past is to be of any service, either to guide us in the present or to prognosticate the future,—if it is to give us any insight into the causes which bring about national prosperity or suffering—if it is to throw any light on the motives of human action, or the deep intricacies of human character,—it must be written in the fullest and minutest particularity. Otherwise it is of little more value than a column of names and dates.

There are, however, but few periods of history that merit to be thus studied in detail. In modern times, probably the only passages that would repay such minute investigation are: the era of maritime discovery, at the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century; the Reformation; the rise and fall of the Italian republics; the struggle for constitutional liberty in England in the seventeenth century; and finally, the great rebellion against feudal and mental oppression in France, which broke forth publicly in 1789. Of all these, the last is to us far the most interesting, as nearest to our own days, as most remarkable in its character, and most far spreading in its consequences.

We know of no period of history so fertile in attractions, both to writer and to reader, none which presents so many scenes of fearful and thrilling interest to be described, so many profound and subtle problems of character to be solved, so many intricate intrigues to be unravelled, so many prolific truths of political philosophy to be deduced, so many lessons of deep and melancholy wisdom to be learned. We know of no period so rich in materials, alike for the statesman, the moralist and the poet, nor one which, to treat aright, would require so rare a combination of the intellectual gifts of all three. At the same time we know of no period, for an accurate and philosophical history of which such

ample materials exist. Yet such a work is still a desideratum—a desideratum which Mignet, Thiers, Carlyle and Alison have been alike unable to supply.

The period over which Mr. Alison's work extends, naturally divides itself into two sections—the history of the revolution, and the history of Napoleon—the respective treatment of which required very different qualifications. In the latter Mr. Alison has been so eminently successful, we think, as not only to supersede the necessity for any future history, but to earn a very distinguished place in the first rank of modern historians. In the former division we are disposed to think that he has failed, and failed from the want of that patient thought and philosophic grasp of mind which this portion of history preëminently demands.

The progress of the human mind and of human society is seldom marked by regular and successive steps. At some periods civilization appears to be stationary, at others, even to retrograde, at others, again, to spring forward with rapid, gigantic, and almost convulsive strides. This irregularity of advance is, doubtless, more apparent than actual. Preparations are gradually made, ideas professedly matured, and the foundations of the future superstructure laid with secret and patient industry. But these subterranean workings are for the most part unnoticed, till in the fulness of time a rich harvest of consequences is developed, with apparent suddenness, from causes which have been accumulating in silence for many generations.

The French revolution was one of the most remarkable of these *harvest-times* of society. The stride forward was sudden, immense and spasmodic; but the seeds of this vast event had long been germinating in the secret places of the earth. It is impossible, within our brief limits, to enter into any philosophical analysis of the nature, the causes and the ultimate results of this great political convulsion, or even to pass the strictures we should wish to do on the singularly imperfect and unsatisfactory manner in which Mr. Alison has executed this part of his task. A few general remarks are all that we can venture to offer.

A philosophical view of this period would comprise *four* distinct considerations:—the causes which led to the revolution; the causes which gave to it its peculiar character; the causes which led to its immediate and complete failure; and the permanent results of good and evil which have survived it.

The *proximate* causes of the revolution—the disputes with the parliament—the profusion of the court—the dilapidation of the finances, which made the summoning of the states-general a necessary, though a desperate expedient—Mr. Alison has narrated with sufficient clearness. Nay, he has enumerated, in all their enormity, a host of oppressions enough to have driven even wise men mad, yet in his view evidently quite inadequate

either to explain the popular excitement or to justify the subsequent retaliation; for he throughout speaks of the French people as acting under the influence of some mysterious and wholly inexplicable phrensy. His description of the tyranny of the old *regime* is such as to impress us with the feeling that while it would have been infamy to submit to it, scarcely any punishment would be too heavy for its crimes, and scarcely any price too great to pay for emancipation from its grasp; yet he everywhere describes the national rising against so insupportable a yoke, as almost an unprovoked, and quite an unpardonable iniquity. In fact, notwithstanding all his researches, he has failed sufficiently to recognize the great feature of the revolution, viz., that it was a *rebellion against class legislation*;* that the privileges of the aristocracy had become too grievous to be borne; while the profligacy of the court, and the vicious lives and supine negligence of the clergy, had dissipated that loyal and pious spirit which alone could oppose a barrier to the passionate excesses of a triumphant and exasperated populace. In one word, the revolution was a struggle between MAN and NOBLEMAN.

The distinction between noble and plebeian was carried in France to a degree of which it is difficult in a free country to form an adequate conception; and the privileges of high birth descended to all the children, instead of being confined, as in England, to the eldest son. The consequence was the establishment of a line of demarcation, which neither talent, enterprise, nor success was able to pass.

"On the one side," says Mr. Alison, "were 150,000 privileged individuals; on the other the whole body of the French people. All situations of importance in the church, the army, the court, the bench, or diplomacy, were exclusively enjoyed by the former of these classes."

Surely a system of such transcendent egotism as to admit of this description—a system which excluded from all offices of power, honor, or emolument, the talent, the energy, the industry of the nation; and which, in a population of thirty millions, reserved all the loaves and fishes of the state for 150,000 favorites of fortune, called imperatively for total reconstruction, and might well explain, and excuse any amount of exasperation in the disfranchized and oppressed majority. It was

* His forgetfulness of this fact is the more remarkable, as he himself admits it fully, and states it broadly, in his introductory chapters (i. 109):—

"The extraordinary character of the French Revolution arose, not from any peculiarities in the disposition of the people, or any faults exclusively owing to the government, but from the weight of the despotism which had preceded, and the magnitude of the changes which were to follow it. * * * * France would have done less at the Revolution, if she had done more before it; she would not so unmercifully have unsheathed the sword to govern, if she had not so long been governed by the sword; she would not have fallen for years under the guillotine of the populace, if she had not groined for centuries under the fetters of the nobility."

this system which enlisted the wealthy, the able, and the educated portion of the *middle* classes on the revolutionary side.

The great mass of the people, including the peasantry in the country and the laboring classes in the towns, had their own intolerable grievances to secure their sympathy and coöperation in the same direction. These grievances Mr. Alison has described without any attempt to conceal or palliate their enormity. The privileged orders possessed two thirds of the land, and yet were exempted from a large proportion of the taxes. The *vingtième* and the *taille* (the latter of which was levied solely on the *tiers état*) were burdens on the produce of the soil, of so oppressive a character, that Arthur Young calculates that they, together with the rent, amounted to *eleven twelfths* of the whole produce, or, as he states it, that supposing the yield of an acre to be worth 3*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, 1*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* of this went to the king, and 18*s.* to the landlord, leaving only 6*s.* 3*d.* for the cultivator. Mr. Alison quotes this, and proceeds:—

"The great proprietors all resorted to Paris in quest of amusement, dissipation, or advancement; and with the exception of La Vendée, where a totally different system of manners prevailed, the country was hardly ever visited by its landlords. The natural consequence of this was, that no kindly feelings, no common interest, united the landlord and his tenantry. The former regarded the cultivators in no other light than as beasts of burden, from whose labor the greatest possible profit was to be extracted; the latter considered their lords as tyrants, known only by the vexatious visits and endless demands of their bailiffs."

Nor was this all.

"The local burdens and legal services due by the tenantry to their feudal superiors were to the last degree vexatious and oppressive. * * * Game of the most destructive kind, such as wild boars and herds of deer, were permitted to go at large through extensive districts, without any enclosures to protect the crops. The damage they did to the farmers in four parishes only was estimated at 8,000*l.* a year. Numerous edicts existed which prohibited hoeing and weeding, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter; mowing hay lest their eggs should be destroyed; manuring with night-soil, lest their flavor should be injured. Complaints for the infraction of these edicts were all carried before the manorial courts, where every species of oppression, chicanery, and fraud, were prevalent. * * * The people were bound to grind their corn at their landlord's mill, to press their grapes at his press, to bake their bread at his oven. *Corvées*, or obligations to repair the roads, founded on custom, decrees, and servitude, were enforced with the utmost severity."—Vol. i., p. 137.

Will it be credited that, after enumerating all these unbearable oppressions, Mr. Alison still seems to think them insufficient to account for the outbreak which took place? and adds (p. 148)—

"The circumstances which have now been mentioned, without doubt contributed to the formation of that discontent which formed the predisposing

cause of the revolution. But the existing cause, as physicians would say, the immediate source of the convulsion, was the *spirit of innovation* which, like a malady, overspread France at that crisis."

We should like to know what nation possessing the smallest spark of intelligence and courage, and suffering under such enormous wrongs, would not be overspread with a "*spirit of innovation*."

But the picture would be incomplete without a reference to the general corruption of manners which prevailed among the higher classes, and especially at court. The instinctive loyalty, the blind and discreditable devotion to the sovereign as such, which had distinguished the French up to the time of Louis XIV., and which had been carried to its height by the splendid undertakings and dignified manners of that consummate actor—"little in everything but the art of simulating greatness"—received a considerable shock from the reverses which darkened his later years, and still more, perhaps, from the childish and cruel fanaticism, by which he sought to make tardy atonement for the profligacy of his youth and the desolating ambition of his manhood. The sanctioning observances which he exacted from his nobles and courtiers caused them at his death to rush into the opposite extreme; and the low debauchery and the contemptible baseness of the two succeeding reigns entirely obliterated what remained of the *prestige* of respect and attachment by which royalty had been formerly surrounded.

The clergy, too, shared in the general corruption and in the general contempt. Their wealth was enormous; * their luxury excessive and ostentatious; and all pretensions to superior sanctity or correctness of manners had long since been abandoned. Indeed, many of the highest rank among them were preëminent for their licentiousness. The unbounded power they obtained towards the latter end of the reign of Louis XIV., by the entire suppression of dissent, served to complete their worthlessness and to seal their doom.

"The Gallican Church, no doubt," says Mr. Hall, "looked upon it as a signal triumph when she prevailed on Louis XIV. to repeal the edict of Nantes, and to suppress the Protestant religion. But what was the consequence? Where, after this period, are we to look for her Fenelons and her Pascals? where for the bright monuments of piety and learning which were the glory of her better days? As for piety, she perceived that she had no occasion for it, when there was no lustre of Christian holiness surrounding her; nor for learning, when she had no longer any opponents to confute or any controversies to maintain. She felt herself at liberty to become as ignorant, as secular, as irreligious as she pleased; and amidst the silence and darkness she had created around her, she drew the curtains, and retired to rest."

* The total revenues of the church derived from tithes reached 130,000,000 francs, of which only 42,000,000 were in the hands of the working clergy: the number of ecclesiastics was 80,000. But, in addition to this revenue, the ecclesiastical body owned nearly *half* the soil of France!—*Alison*, i. 123.

Mr. Alison frequently laments, in language of bitter severity, the general infidelity which pervaded all classes in France at the period of the revolutionary outbreak. But he does not state, as in common fairness he ought to have done, how much of the guilt of this lies at the door of the "accredited teachers" of religion, who had banished or put to death all who preached the pure faith of Christ; he does not sufficiently inform us that, not only were the clergy among the very first to set the example of unbelief, but that, in truth, Christianity was ever presented to the people from their hands so disguised, disfigured, and degraded, that it became almost a virtue to reject it. No stronger proof can be given of the shameful extent to which clerical duties had been neglected throughout France, than the description which Mr. Alison gives of the army which invaded Egypt and Syria in 1789 (vol. iii, p. 397):—

"They not only considered the Christian faith as an entire fabrication, but were for the most part ignorant of its very elements. Lavalette has recorded, that hardly one of them had ever been in a church; and in Palestine they were unacquainted even with the names of the holiest places in sacred history."

Such, then, were the full and ample causes which led to the great catastrophe of France—the intolerable privileges of the few, the severe and hopeless sufferings of the many, and the scandalous and public profligacy of the court and the clergy—not that blind frenzy which Mr. Alison has so needlessly conjured up as its originating source.

The more peculiar features of the revolution, the low and sanguinary character which it so early assumed, and which ultimately led to its entire failure as a measure of regeneration, are eminently deserving of the study of the historian and the statesman; and the causes to which these are to be traced are not difficult to discover; but we can here do little more than allude to them in the most cursory manner. Among the principal of them was unquestionably the severity of the oppression to which all classes had been previously subjected; for the violence of the convulsion will always be proportioned to the magnitude of the burden to be thrown off; and the atrocity of the revenge will generally take its measure and its character from the atrocity of the injury to be atoned for. But, perhaps, the circumstance which more than any other modified the course of events in the revolution was the *famine* which prevailed at its commencement. Mr. Carlyle is, we believe, the only writer on this period who has assigned to this fact its due weight. The harvest of 1788 was a very defective one, and the consequent scarcity spread itself over the three following years; for though the ensuing crop was plentiful, the usual channels of industry and commerce had by that time become so completely disorganized, that bread was nowhere to be obtained in sufficient quantity, and the scarcity soon amounted to a famine. In the

market place, the corn-sacks had to be guarded by dragoons, "often more than one dragoon to each sack." The bakers' shops were beset by a famishing populace, who were obliged to stand in a long string, often reaching above a hundred yards, that each might be served in turn. Even when obtained, they complained, probably with truth, that the bread was adulterated with plaster of Paris. Many were reduced to "meal-husks and boiled grass." Finally, an ounce and a half of bread daily was the utmost that could be afforded to each individual, and onions and pulse must fill up the deficiency; nay, during the insurrection at Versailles, a horse, which had been slain in the riot, was eagerly seized upon for food. The effect of all this upon a people of singular excitability, and with whom bread is a staple article of food, may be easily conceived. "*Rien (says Mad. de Staël) ne dispose le peuple au mécontentement comme les craintes sur le subsistence;*" and perhaps we may briefly express the peculiar effect of the scarcity on the march of revolutionary events, by saying that it caused the *populace* to intermingle in a struggle which would otherwise have been fought out (with a widely-different result in all likelihood) between the aristocracy and the middle classes—the *tiers état*.* "*Parties (says Mr. Carlyle) might have suppressed and smothered one another in the ordinary bloodless parliamentary way, on one condition—that France had at least been able to exist all the while. But the sovereign people has a digestive faculty, and cannot do without bread.*" When the great mass of the people are comfortable and contented, despotism may exist with little difficulty; or the government and the middle ranks may fight out their differences in a safe and regulated manner; but when the middle ranks are clamorous for political rights, at the same time that the lowest classes are clamorous for food, the most firmly constituted authorities will rarely be able to resist the united pressure. If kings and privileged orders were wise in their generation, and cunning in their craft, they would feed the people *at any price*.

Another cause of the peculiar character of the French Revolution is to be found in the entire inexperience of the people and their leaders, both in the legislative and the administrative department of government. The old bureaucracy were speedily displaced, as unworthy of the confidence of reformers, and no one else possessed adequate knowledge to perform their functions. The great majority of the French popular leaders—even the ablest and the best among them—derived their ideas of government from Rousseau and Condorcet, and their notions of public virtue from the extravagant and unreal heroes of Plutarch. With this prevailing ignorance, the consequences could

* The effect of famine, in throwing the control of events into the hands of the lowest class, was well understood by their leaders, one of whom wrote epigrammatically to a friend—"Tout va bien ici; le pain manque."—*Carlyle*, ii., 335.

scarcely have been other than they were. The moment a representative system was given to a people exasperated by past wrongs, and unskilled in the exercise of power, the excesses which ensued might have been considered almost unavoidable.

But with every allowance for the operation of these unfortunate conditions, much, no doubt, must be attributed to the singular features of the French character, to that *mobile* and hasty temperament, that warlike spirit and disreputable passion for military glory, and that deplorable want of moral courage, which have always distinguished it, but which were never so marked or attended with such fatal consequences as during the revolutionary struggle. There is much that is amiable, and much that is admirable, in our French neighbors; for general cleverness, active enterprise, daring heroism, and patience under the hardships and privations of war, they are, perhaps, unrivalled; but the quiet enthusiasm which pursues its object, steadily and silently, through neglect and through reproach—the courage to withstand popular clamor—the firmness to resist the contagion of popular emotion—the fortitude to suffer in obscurity and in secret—the devotion to adhere unflinchingly to an obnoxious principle or to a sinking cause—these, unhappily, have at no time formed a portion of the Gallic character.

In this enumeration of the causes which stamped upon the French Revolution those peculiar features which distinguish it from all similar convulsions, we must not forget one of the most powerful of them all—the predominance of Paris over the rest of France. The invariable residence of the monarch in or near the metropolis—and that unworthy passion for court distinctions which pervaded all classes—had for many generations been operating to concentrate all the wealth and talent of the kingdom into one single focus. Provincial usefulness and provincial fame were disregarded and despised. The nobility deserted their chateaux in the country, and left their wretched vassals to the superintendence of a rapacious agent, that they might bask in the sunshine of royal favor. The soldier, whenever it was possible, forsook his duties in the province, to hasten to the head-quarters of patronage and promotion; and whatever of genius or capacity chanced to arise in any part of France hurried at once to the capital, as the only fitting arena for display. Hence Paris became, not only the epitome of France, but its heart—the centre of its vitality; any movement there was instantaneously transmitted to the remotest departments, and passively acquiesced in by them; and whoever could obtain the mastery of that volatile and excitable metropolis, found himself at once the despotic governor of France. Hence the quick succession of rulers and constitutions, and the marvellous facility with which each one overthrew its predecessor.

The vices and cruelties of the several governments which successively seized the direction of affairs,—and the consequent disappointment, disgust, and exhaustion of the people,—paved an easy way for the daring usurpation of Napoleon; and amid the comparative repose which ensued under his iron despotism, the nation, wearied of its fruitless struggles after freedom, sank quietly to sleep.

What now remains of permanent result from that great social movement which agitated all Europe towards the close of the last century, and of which the French Revolution may be considered

as at once the most violent symptom and the most vivid embodiment? Now that the convulsion has subsided, what are the abiding traces it has left behind? Interesting and momentous questions, to which we can only glance at the reply. France has unquestionably gained much; legal, though imperfect freedom of the press,—equality of civil rights,—and a representative system, extremely defective beyond dispute, but capable of easy and progressive enlargement. In a word, she has now the means of steadily ameliorating all her institutions, without having recourse to violent or illegal enterprises; and *in this condition is comprised real political liberty*. And no one who compares the second revolution with the first, can doubt that France has profited immensely by the severe ordeal she has passed.

The gain to the civilized world at large, though less marked, has, we think, been no less real. The essentials of genuine freedom are everywhere better understood; the great principle is everywhere acknowledged as a fundamental and unquestioned truth—that the object of all government is the happiness of the subject many, not the advantage of the ruling few. And if no other lesson had been taught us in the school of affliction and adversity, through which the revolutionary mania made us pass, at least this will have survived: nations will have learned to rebel with less vehement excesses, and rulers to be more measured and moderate in their oppression.

The second portion of Mr. Alison's task, the "History of Napoleon," he has executed in a manner worthy of all praise. The picture he has given us of the character and achievements of this wonderful warrior is complete, vivid, and distinct,—and, as a whole, far superior both in fulness and vigor to any other we have read. The various steps by which Napoleon achieved supreme power—the singular manner in which fortune played into his hands—his hairbreadth escapes from utter ruin at several of the most critical periods of his life—his march from victory to victory, and the peculiar and masterly tactics by which he obtained them all—his admirable measures for the regeneration of a country so thoroughly disorganized as France was when he became its ruler—the gradual turning of the scale against him by the improvement of his enemies' conduct, and the exhaustion of his own resources—his last gallant struggle over overwhelming numbers—his temporary abdication and subsequent miraculous revival—together with the final catastrophe, and the melancholy close of his chequered and turbulent career—are all depicted with a truth of outline and a richness of coloring, which fix the attention of the reader without an effort, and leave an indelible impression on his memory. Certainly no historian ever had so magnificent a subject, and few have ever done fuller justice to their task.

Napoleon was perhaps the most consummate master of military science the world ever saw. In the original conception of his plan, in his accurate and comprehensive combinations, as well as in his manœuvres in the field,—he carried skill to that point at which it merges into genius. Some, we know, have sought to deny him this praise, and have labored to prove that his talents as a general were of a very mean order; elaborate arguments by ensigns and cornets have been published with this view; and we well remember many years ago to have heard an officer who had served under him on many occasions declare, that, except in his

Italian campaigns, he never showed any remarkable capacity, but accomplished all his subsequent conquests solely by dint of numbers, and by a reckless sacrifice of his troops, from which more considerate or humane generals would have shrunk. But it is impossible to read the details of his campaigns, and the most remarkable of his battles, which Mr. Alison has described, without feeling convinced that all such disparaging arguments as those we refer to, must be regarded much in the same light as the old scholastic disputations, the sophistical paradoxes of Rousseau, or the "Historic Doubts" of Archbishop Whately; namely, as amusing feats of intellectual jugglery, or exercises of aimless ingenuity.

It is perfectly true that Napoleon committed more than one serious mistake in his warlike enterprises; but this rarely occurred except when long experience of his adversaries had taught him a contempt for their capacity, which they were just ceasing to deserve; or when political considerations mixed themselves with those of strategy, and the conflicting interest of his double position as an emperor and a general, rendered that advisable as a matter of policy, which was in opposition to the acknowledged principles of the military art, as was frequently the case in the later part of his career. Moreover, the general who, for fifteen years, has found a particular line of tactics invariably successful, cannot be accused of blundering because, from some unforeseen change of character on the part of his antagonist, it for once fails of its effect.

It is equally indisputable that, on several occasions, both in his civil and military career, Napoleon narrowly escaped destruction; and that some of his most signal and important triumphs were, if we may so express it, little more than defeats changed into victories by some remarkable stroke of fortune, or by the incapacity or folly of his adversaries. When he seized the supreme power on the 18th Brumaire, it was for many minutes doubtful whether his bold attempt would not terminate in utter failure, and be promptly expiated on the scaffold. The crisis was so fearful, and the danger so imminent, that, for the first and only time in his life, he entirely lost his presence of mind, and was only saved by the timely bombast of his brother Lucien. Again, at the battle of Marengo, the second crisis of his life, he was entirely defeated, when the defeat was changed into a splendid victory by the memorable charge of Kellerman. If the Allies had remained firm, and refused to treat, after the battle of Austerlitz, it seems clear that Napoleon would have been compelled to exchange a brilliant victory for a disastrous retreat. If the Archduke John had obeyed orders in the campaign of Aspern, Napoleon would have been irretrievably cut off. As it was, he suffered a severe defeat, and narrowly escaped destruction. If the Russians had been fully aware of their success at Eylau, and had advanced after the battle, Napoleon never would have had the opportunity of restoring his affairs by the victory of Friedland. And had Kutusoff been aware that Napoleon had fought the battle of Borodino with only ammunition sufficient for a single day, he never would have suffered him to enter Moscow. In all these cases he owed much to fortune—much to the errors of his antagonists—but much also to his own skill and daring.

It is also true that he owed much of his early and signal success to having had the Austrians for

his first and principal opponents. Though brave in the field, they were languid, tardy, and easily thrown into confusion by a flank attack. Their radically defective system—which no experience taught them to abandon—of tying up their ablest generals to a plan of the campaign, all the details of which were arranged by the Aulic Council at Vienna; while Napoleon, even in his earliest commands, acted entirely on his own judgment as the varying exigencies of the war demanded, and disdained to be fettered by any superior authority, gave him a decisive advantage over his methodical antagonists. While, at the same time, their extraordinary and incurable slowness of proceeding, which continued unamended to the last year of the war, and the certainty with which they retreated or laid down their arms the moment their flank was turned, or their communications threatened, were exactly fitted to play into the hands of a general unrivalled for the celerity of his movements and the boldness with which he threw himself upon his enemy's rear. The Austrian officers had been trained in the old school of military tactics, when, after a few marches and countermarches, a siege, and a couple of pitched battles, the campaign was considered to be at an end, and both parties were accustomed, as a matter of course, to retire into winter quarters; and when they regarded themselves as defeated as soon as they were decidedly outnumbered or outmanœuvred; and they had no idea either of the rapidity of movement or the obstinacy of resolve, which were requisite to encounter with effect an adversary like Napoleon. To the very last they always allowed him to surprise them, and conceived him to be at the distance of some days' march, when he was actually close upon them. It became manifest how much he had owed to this peculiar character of his opponents, as soon as he came into collision with the Russian troops in the campaign of Austerlitz, or with the English at Waterloo and in the Peninsula. These soldiers never retreated till their defeat was entire and overwhelming; and when they did retire, it was almost invariably in good order, and without loss of baggage or standards. The battle of Friedland was the only one fought by Napoleon against Russian troops in which he gained many of the proofs and trophies of victory. The campaign of Austerlitz is particularly worth studying with a view to this consideration. Indeed, all the wars from 1796 to 1814 show that, had the Austrians been his only antagonists, he would have found no barrier between him and the sceptre of universal dominion.

Nevertheless, after allowing their full weight to all those considerations, ample proof will still remain of the splendid military genius of the French emperor—a genius which never shone forth more brilliantly than in the fatal campaign of 1814, when, with an army composed almost entirely of newly levied conscripts—many of them mere boys—he contended single-handed against the combined forces of all Europe, and gained such a series of astonishing, though ineffective victories. And whoever may be found, from motives of ungenerous envy, or unworthy love of paradox, to deny the claims of Napoleon to the praise of a consummate general, the testimony of the Duke of Wellington and the Archduke Charles—the only captains who ever conquered him—will not be wanting to confute them.*

* The duke, on being asked by Canning at what period

The capacities of Napoleon as a civil ruler were scarcely inferior to his talents as a general. We find ample evidence of the success with which he applied the native vigor of his understanding to the science of government, in his dispatches to the ministers of state, in his recorded conversations with his friends, in his speeches and observations to his council, as collected and published by Thibaudeau, and in the admirable measures he adopted or suggested for the reorganization of France from 1800 to 1804. It is impossible to read the account of these matters which Mr. Alison has left us,* without doing involuntary homage to the strong clear sense, the instinctive wisdom, which, amid all the fatal errors which ambition led him to commit, marked every observation which fell from this wonderful man. In one point only was he thoroughly ignorant—commercial policy—but so are nine tenths of statesmen even now. Nor does history alone contain the proofs of Napoleon's extraordinary administrative capacity. All France and Italy abound with the undertakings of public utility which he set on foot and carried through. It appears that during the twelve years of his government he expended no less than 40,000,000*l.* sterling on public works in the various countries under his rule; (twenty-eight millions in France alone;) and of these, twenty-two were for roads, bridges, harbors, and canals, which will remain eternal monuments of his genius and power, and perpetual blessings and sources of civilization to all Europe, long after the hand of time and industry shall have obliterated the last lingering traces of his desolating wars, and when the memory of his crimes and his glory shall have faded into the dim remoteness of the past. It is not often the case that the good men do lives after them, and the evil is interred with their bones; but it was so to a great extent with Napoleon. The vestiges of the mischiefs which he caused, and the sufferings which he inflicted, are fast dying out, and the life-time of the present generation will probably see the last of them effaced; but the Antwerp harbor, the Alpine roads, and the Code Napoleon, would, in all likelihood, survive his memory, if they were not themselves its noble and undying record.

The physical energies of Napoleon seem to have been almost superhuman. Fatigue was nearly unknown to him. With most men such an unsleeping spirit as his would have "o'er informed its tenement of clay." The fiery activity of his soul, however, appeared to endow his corporeal frame with powers of endurance and exertion with which none of his followers could keep pace. Mr. Alison, in his 70th chapter, has given us a vivid picture of the incessant toil with which he wore out both his aids-de-camp and his secretaries. He was invariably temperate, often almost to asceticism; seldom took above four hours' sleep, and, when necessary, seemed able to dispense with it altogether.

"But while he shunned the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seemed nourished by that abstinence."

In one point his character presents a singular contrast with itself. His genius was essentially mathematical; yet few men ever existed in whom

of his career he considered that Napoleon was most conspicuously great as a military chief, replied, "Oh! beyond all question, after the battle of Leipsic."

* We especially recommend to the careful study of our readers the thirty-fifth chapter of Mr. Alison's work.

the poetic element was so powerfully developed. His fancy was quite of the oriental cast. To the very end of his career his mind was full of the most romantic visions of eastern grandeur; and his magnificent and wild imagination presents a vivid contrast to the vigorous grasp of his intellect, the coolness of his judgment, and the crystal clearness of his understanding. The throne of Constantinople or Hindostan was one of the dreams of his earliest youth; and even in the midst of his most splendid European conquests, gorgeous visions of palms and pagodas were seldom long absent from his fancy.

The reverse of this interesting picture is presented when we turn from his intellectual endowments to contemplate his moral qualities. Yet even here there was much that was attractive. He was a man of fascinating manners, of occasional impulses of generous emotion, and of warm and kind, though limited affections. He appears to have been sincerely attached to his wife and child, and to a few among his early companions in arms, especially to Lannes, Duroc, and Junot. But the prominent feature of his character was a hard, cold, unrelenting selfishness. Whatever interfered, or seemed likely to interfere, with his own fame, his own aggrandizement, his own ambition, was trampled under foot with the most ruthless resolution. His total and contemptible disregard of truth; his ungenerous enmity to all whose exploits threatened to rival or eclipse his own, or whose services to himself had been too conspicuously brilliant; his entire disregard of the lives of his soldiers, or the exhaustion of his country, or the rights of other sovereigns, or his own deliberate promises and solemn treaties, or, in short, of any consideration whatever, when in pursuit of the objects he had determined to obtain; his insolent and cruel violations of the first principles of international law; and the sufferings he inflicted on the whole of Europe by his Berlin and Milan anti-commercial decrees, while at the same time he did not scruple to sacrifice the very object for which they were enacted, by the sale of licenses to enrich his private treasury; all these things, which are fully and vividly detailed in the history before us, not only make us rejoice in the fall of this barbarian enemy of peace and freedom, but enable us to look upon the retributive fate which subsequently overtook him—bitter as it was—without a single emotion of pity or regret.

The insatiable and unrelenting ambition of Napoleon admits of no excuse. His encroachments were even more daring and intolerable in time of peace than during war. He pursued them from passion, and justified them on principle. He was in the habit of defending his unceasing wars, by urging the necessity, which the precarious tenure of his dynasty laid him under, of constantly dazzling the imaginations of the French by new and more magnificent achievements; and repeatedly affirmed that any repose under his laurels, any pause in his career of conquest, would have compromised his authority with so fickle and requiring a people. Mr. Alison, much to our surprise, adopts the same line of defence.

"Napoleon constantly affirmed that he was not to be accused for the wars which he undertook; they were imposed upon him by an invincible necessity; that glory and success—in other words, perpetual conquest—were the conditions of his tenure of power; that he was the head of a military republic, which would admit of no pause in its career; that conquest with him was essential

to existence, and that the first pause in the march of victory would prove the commencement of ruin. This history has, indeed, been written to little purpose, if it is not manifest, even to the most inconsiderate, that he was right in these ideas, and that it was not himself, but the spirit of his age, which is chargeable with his fall."—Vol. x., p. 593.

But the defence is an untenable one; or if admissible at all, is applicable only to his earlier wars. It is unquestionably true, as Napoleon declared, that his power being founded mainly on opinion, any serious *check*, or *reverse*, might have shaken—and when it came *did* shake—the stability of his throne. But this stability was so far from depending on his continental aggression wars, that it was materially weakened and undermined by them; and the grinding conscription—which in the late years of the war was always levied by anticipation—had wearied out the loyalty of the great body of the nation, and the fatigues and privations of ceaseless campaigning had completely exhausted the zeal and attachment of his generals, before the disasters in Spain or Russia had begun to cast a doubt on the invincibility of his arms.* “Where is the use (asked the discontented marshals) of our wealth and our splendid palaces in Paris, if we are never to have leisure to enjoy them, but must live on horseflesh, and lie upon the ground?” We feel perfectly satisfied, after a careful perusal of all that Mr. Alison has written on this subject, that if, after the decisive battle of Friedland, Napoleon had sheathed the sword, and devoted his genius and activity to internal improvement, and to the reparation of the ravages which his wars had made in the wealth, the finances, the commerce, the population, and the agriculture of France, he might still have been reigning in the Tuileries, and have maintained the boundary of the Rhine.

To us—who live after the panic has subsided, and when the cause of terror is removed, and who can read past events by the light which subsequent disclosures had thrown over them—few things appear more remarkable than the excessive alarm and despondency which Napoleon's march towards universal dominion excited in the minds even of the most strong and clear-sighted statesmen of the day. They saw him advance from victory to victory,—lay prostrate often by a single blow the most renowned monarchies of Europe, attach one nation after another to his standards, and aggrandize his territories even more rapidly by diplomacy than by the sword. But they did not see, behind this brilliant exterior of events, the causes at work, which sooner or later must inevitably arrest the tide of conquest, and roll it back with resistless violence upon the shores of France. They did not see that the utter exhaustion, both of population, commerce, and cultivation, which Napoleon's conquests involved, must soon bring those conquests to an end, by leaving him destitute of those natural resources which had hitherto enabled him to achieve them. They did not perceive that the enormous armies which were requisite to crush his more powerful antagonists must, in a hostile land, fall to pieces from their own unwieldiness; and still more that the cruel exactions and more cruel humiliations which he heaped upon the vanquished nations, were silently but rapidly arousing a desperate spirit of resistance and revenge, which, when matured, would prove too mighty even for the spirit of conquest, or the miracles of military

science. In modern times, we are satisfied, universal dominion is as hopeless a chimera as perpetual motion. The very mechanism requisite to realize either problem involves its own discomfiture. Yet the correspondence of Sir James Mackintosh (who assuredly was one of the most sagacious and profound observers of political events which our age has produced) abounds in desponding passages as to the universal despotism which the French emperor was establishing, and the night of barbarism which was falling upon Europe. In 1808 he writes thus to a friend:—

“Who can tell how long the fearful night may be, before the dawn of a brighter to-morrow? Experience may, and I hope does, justify us in expecting that the whole course of human affairs is towards a better state; but it does not justify us in supposing that many steps of the progress may not immediately be towards a worse. The race of man may reach the promised land, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness. The prospect of the nearest part of futurity, of all that we can discover, except with the eyes of speculation, seems very dismal. The mere establishment of absolute power in France is the smallest part of the evil.

* * * * * Europe is now covered with a multitude of dependent despots, whose existence depends on their maintaining the paramount tyranny in France. The mischief has become too intricate to be unravelled in our day. An evil greater than despotism, or rather the worst and most hideous form of despotism approaches—a monarchy, literally universal, seems about to be established. Then all the spirit, variety, and emulation of separate nations, which the worst forms of internal government have not utterly extinguished, will vanish. And in that state of things, if we may judge from past examples, the whole energy of human intellect and virtue will languish, and can scarcely be revived otherwise than by a spirit of barbarism.”*

Yet within five years of the date of these remarks, the empire of Napoleon was at an end.

But it is time to bring our observations to a close. We lay down Mr. Alison's masterly picture of Napoleon's career and character, with a feeling of sincere regret. To attempt any succinct portraiture of such a man would be presumptuous and idle. It would appear as if Providence had sent him upon earth, to show to the worshippers of grandeur and of talent, how completely all that is most magnificent in intellectual endowment may be divorced from moral excellence and the generous affections; and when so divorced, how incalculably sad and terrible are its consequences to mankind. Yet every page of Napoleon's history, while it adds to the detestation which we cannot but feel for his selfishness and his crimes, serves also to augment the thrilling admiration which the coldest heart cannot refuse to his superb and splendid genius.

It appears from authentic documents which Mr. Alison has collected, that from the commencement to the close of the revolutionary wars, the levies of soldiers in France exceeded *four millions*,† and that not less than *three millions* of these, on the lowest calculation, perished in the field, the hospital, or the bivouac.‡ If to these we add, as we unques-

* Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh, vol. i., p. 383. See also pp. 296, 307, 375, for a repetition of the same gloomy forebodings.

† Alison, x., p. 540.

‡ Alison, vi., p. 411.

* Alison, vol. viii., pp. 614, 674.

tionably must, at least an equal number out of the ranks of their antagonists, it is clear that not less than *six millions* of human beings perished in warfare in the course of twenty years, in the very heart of civilized Europe, at the commencement of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. But even these stupendous numbers give us no adequate conception of the destruction of human life directly consequent on the wars of the revolution and the empire. We must add the thousands who perished from want, outrage and exposure, and the hundreds of thousands who were subsequently swept away by the ravages of that pestilence* which took its rise amid the retreat from Russia, and the crowded garrisons of the campaign of 1813, and for several years afterwards desolated in succession every country of Europe. And even when we have summed up and laid before us, in all the magnitude of figures, the appalling destruction of life here exhibited, we can still gather only a faint and remote conception of the sufferings and the evils inflicted by this awful scourge. Death in the field is among the smallest of the miseries of war: the burned villages—the devastated harvests—the ruined commerce—the towns carried by assault—the feeble and the lovely massacred and outraged—grief, despair and desolation carried into innumerable families,—these are among the more terrific visitations of military conflicts, and the blackest of the crimes for which a fearful retribution will one day be exacted at the hands of those who have provoked, originated, or compelled them. If anything could awaken the statesmen of our age to a just estimate of war and the warrior, surely their deeds and the consequences of these deeds should do so, when exhibited on a scale of such tremendous magnitude. Yet so far the impression made seems to have been both feeble and imperfect. Our views with regard to war are still in singular discordance both with our reason and our religion. They appear to be rather the result of a brute instinct, than of obedience to the dictates either of a sound sense or of a pure faith. On all other points, Christianity is the acknowledged foundation of our theory of morals, however widely we may swerve from it in practice; but in the case of war we do not pretend to keep up even the shadow of allegiance to the authority of our nominal lawgiver. "A state of war," says Robert Hall, "is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." It is the primary object of war, and is considered to be the primary duty of the warrior, to inflict the maximum of injury upon the enemy; and so distinctly is this principle laid down, that we have seen courts-martial held upon deserving officers, in which the only charge against them was that they had not done as much mischief to their antagonists as, under the circumstances, it was considered they might have done,—that they had spared some property which might have been destroyed, and suffered some fellow-creature to escape with life, who, with greater exertion, might have been slain,—and in which the accusation was preferred in these broad and naked terms.†

* Alison, ix., p. 650; x., p. 9.

† "The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succor the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interests by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed for the destruction of others."—Robert Hall, p. 20.

How happens it that our notions on the subject of war are so widely different from what we have a right to suppose they would be among a Christian people! from what they would be, if Christianity had had any share in their formation? We think the singular discrepancy may be traced to two sources. In the first place, the whole tone of feeling among educated minds—and through them among other classes—has become thoroughly perverted and demoralized by the turn which is given to their early studies. The first books to which the attention of our youth is sedulously and exclusively directed, are those of the ancient authors; the first poet they are taught to relish and admire is Homer; the first histories put into their hands (and with which through life they are commonly more conversant than with any other) are those of Greece and Rome; the first biographies with which they become familiar are those of the heroes and warriors of the wild times of old. Now, in those days the staple occupation of life—at once its business and its pastime—was war. War was almost the sole profession of the rich and great, and became in consequence almost the sole theme of poets and historians. It is, therefore, the subject most constantly presented, and presented in the most glowing colors, to the mind of the young student, at the precise period when his mind is most susceptible and most tenacious of new impressions; the exciting scenes of warfare fill him with deeper interest than any other, and the intellectual and moral qualities of the warrior—quick foresight, rapid combination, iron resolve, stern severity, impetuous courage—become the objects of his warmest admiration; he forgets the peaceful virtues of charity and forbearance, or learns to despise them; he sees not the obscurer but the loftier merits of the philanthropist and the man of science; he comes to look upon war as the noblest of professions, and upon the warrior as the proudest of human characters; and the impression thus early made withstands all the subsequent efforts of reflection and religion to dislodge it. It is difficult to over-estimate the mischief wrought by this early misdirection of our studies; and that the impression produced is such as we have represented it, every one will acknowledge on a consideration of his own feelings.*

The other source of our erroneous sentiments with regard to war may be found in the faulty and mischievous mode in which history has been generally written. In the first place, little except war has been touched upon; and the notion has been thus left upon the mind, either that nations were occupied in war alone, or that nothing else was worth recording. Those silent but steady labors which have gradually advanced the wealth of a country, and laid the foundation of its prosperity and power; those toilsome investigations which have pushed forward the boundaries of human knowledge, and illustrated through all time the age and the land which gave them birth; that persevering ingenuity and un baffled skill which have made Science the handmaid of Art, and wrought out of her discoveries the materials of civilization and national preëminence: and, greater than all, that profound and patient thought which has eliminated the great principles of social and political well-being;—concerning all these, history has been silent; and the whole attention, both of the teacher and the student, has been concen-

* See Foster's Essays, p. 341.

trated upon "the loud transactions of the outlying world," while the real progress of nations, and the great and good men who have contributed thereto, have alike been consigned to oblivion.

Again,—historians have never given a full and fair analysis of *what war is*. They have described the marches, the sieges, the able manœuvres, the ingenious stratagems, the gallant enterprises, the desperate conflicts, the masterly combinations, the acts of heroic daring, with which war abounds;—and they have summed up those descriptions of battles which we read with breathless interest, by informing us that the victory was gained with a loss of so many thousands killed and wounded—so many thousands made prisoners—and so many standards and pieces of artillery taken from the enemy.* But all this is only the outside coloring of war, and goes little way towards making us acquainted with its real character. Historians rarely tell us of the privations suffered—the diseases engendered—the tortures undergone during a campaign;—still less of the vices ripened, the selfishness confirmed, the hearts hardened, by this "temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." They do not speak of the ties broken—of the peasants ruined—of the hearths made desolate—of grief never to be comforted—of shame never to be wiped away—of the burden of abiding affliction brought upon many a happy household—of all the nameless atrocities, *one* of which in peaceful times would make our blood run cold, but which in war are committed daily, by thousands, with impunity. Historians rarely ever present us with such pictures as the following; and yet these are the inevitable accompaniments of war:—

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror. The loss on both sides was immense; and never in modern times had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians, 25,000 had fallen, of whom above 7,000 were already no more; on that of the French upwards of 30,000 were killed or wounded, and nearly 10,000 had left their colors under pretence of attending to the wounded. Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field presented on the following morning. Above 50,000 men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were for the most part of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread their grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from the heaps of slain, or the load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with

pain, were shrieking aloud amid the stifled groans of the wounded."—*Alison*, vi., p. 85.*

We might multiply pictures yet more fearful, and we give one or two in a note. But we cannot refrain from quoting a few passages from a letter of Sir Charles Bell to Francis Horner, written after the battle of Waterloo, whither he had gone to assist in giving the necessary surgical attendance to the wounded.

"After I had been *five days* engaged in the prosecution of my object, I found that the best cases, that is the most horrid wounds, left totally without assistance, were to be found in the French hospital; this hospital was only forming; they were *even then* bringing these poor creatures in from the woods. It is impossible to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes. What was heart-rending in the day was intolerable at night. * * * * At six o'clock I took the knife in my hand, and continued incessantly at work till seven in the evening; and so the second day, and again the third. All the decencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected; while I amputated one man's thigh, there lay at one time *thirteen*, all beseeching to be taken next. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff with blood, and my arms powerless with using the knife; and more extraordinary still to find my mind calm amidst such a variety of suffering. * * * * After being eight days among the wounded (operating, it must be remembered all the time) I visited the field of battle. The view of the field, the gallant stories, the individual

* "On Sunday forenoon I found a crowd collected round a car in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured these victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps. Another wanted both ears and nose. More horrible still was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruded from their sockets. It was awfully hideous; but a spectacle yet more dreadful was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of a car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features; the lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed: he pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's head. * * * *"—*Alison*, ix., 112.

The following is a description of the state of the town and garrison of Dresden in 1813:—"The ravages which a contagious fever (the consequence of their privations) made on the inhabitants, added to the public distress. Not less than three hundred were carried off by it a week, among the citizens alone. Two hundred dead bodies were every day brought out of the military hospitals. Such was the accumulation in the churchyards, that the gravediggers could not inter them, and they were laid naked, in ghastly rows, along the place of sepulture. The bodies were heaped in such numbers on the dead carts, that they frequently fell from them, and the wheels gave a frightful sound in cracking the bones of the bodies which thus lay upon the streets. The hospital attendants and carters trampled down the corpses in the carts, like baggage or straw, to make room for more; and not unfrequently some of the bodies gave signs of life, and even uttered shrieks under this harsh usage. Several bodies thrown into the Elbe were revived by the sudden immersion in cold water, and the wretches were seen struggling in vain in the waves, by which they were soon swallowed up. Medicine and hospital stores there were none; and almost all the surgeons and apothecaries were dead."—*Alison*, ix., 643.

These are ghastly pictures, but we must not shrink from them if we would conceive aright what military glory really is, and how alone it can be purchased.

* "A history that should present a perfect display of human miseries and slaughter, would incite no one that had not attained the last possibility of depravation, to imitate the principal actors. It would give the same feeling as the sight of a field of dead and dying men after a battle is over, a sight at which the soul would shudder; yet the tendency of the Homeric poetry, and of epic poetry in general, is to insinuate the glory of repeating such a tragedy."—*Foster*, p. 343.

instances of enterprise and valor, recalled me to the sense which the world has of victory and Waterloo. But this was transient; a gloomy, uncomfortable view of human nature is the inevitable consequence of looking upon the whole as I did—as I was forced to do. There must ever be associated with the honors of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking sights of woe; to my ears, accents of entreaty, outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and *noisome smells*.”*

When a statesman declares war in consequence of any of the ordinary motives thereto; for the sake of a rich colony which he is desirous to obtain; to prevent an ambitious neighbor from acquiring what might render him a formidable rival; to restore a monarch dethroned by a people wearied of his manifold oppressions; to resent a private wrong, or avenge a diplomatic insult—his thoughts on the matter seldom travel beyond the issuing of a manifesto, the appointment of a general, the levying of troops, and the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of the contest. He is, therefore, wholly unconscious *what in reality he is doing*;—and if a sage were to go to him, as Nathan went to David, and say—“Sir, you have given orders for the commission of murder on a monstrous scale; you have directed that 50,000 of your subjects shall send as many of their fellow-men, wholly unprepared for so awful a change, into a presence where they must answer for their manifold misdeeds; you have commanded that 30,000 more shall pass the best years of their life in hopeless imprisonment—shall in fact be punished as the worst of criminals, when they have committed no crime but by your orders;—you have arranged so that 20,000 more shall lie for days on the bare ground, horribly mutilated, and slowly bleeding to death, and at length only be succored in order to undergo the most painful operations, and then perish miserably in a hospital; you have given orders that numbers of innocent and lovely women—as beautiful and delicate as your own daughters—shall undergo the last indignities from the license of a brutal soldiery; you have issued a fiat which, if not recalled, will carry mourning into many families, will cut off at a stroke the delight of many eyes, will inflict upon thousands, now virtuous and contented, misery which can know no cure, and desolation which in this world can find no alleviation;”—if such a message as this were conveyed to him—*every word of which would be strictly true*—would he not disown the ghastly image thus held up to him, and exclaim, “Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?” And if statesmen could realize all this before they put their hand to the declaration of hostilities, would they not rather thrust it into the flames?

We are aware that to many all this will appear idle and declamatory—wholly unworthy of men who pretend to an acquaintance with political and social science, yet nothing can be more unquestionable than that we have added no unreal touches, no undue coloring to the picture; and our remarks should be thought worthy of the more attention, because we do not belong to those who consider that under *no* circumstances can war be righteously undertaken. On the contrary, few can read its details with more thrilling interest, few would share in its hardships and its perils with heartier zeal, in a cause clear enough and grand enough to

justify and hallow the adoption of so terrible an agency; but we know that such causes are infinitely rare—that, judging from the past history of our race, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, war is a folly and a crime; and that where it is so it is the saddest and the wildest of all follies, and the most heinous of all crimes.*

Has it ever occurred to any of our readers to analyze the profession of a soldier?—a profession so much honored in our country, as in most others. A soldier is a man whose profession it is to make war—to fight with his fellow-men, and (disguise it how we will, in the smooth, conventional hypocrisies of language) to slay them. Like every one else, he takes a pride and a pleasure in the exercise of his profession. To rust away in idleness is irksome and inglorious; in peace he has little chance of employment, promotion, or distinction; peace, therefore, is burdensome and unwelcome. From the very nature of things, he longs for war; he watches with a natural, but certainly not a Christian, delight the first bickerings which give promise of ripening into actual hostility, and he desires to “fan the smoking flax into a flame.” This is natural and inevitable; it cannot be otherwise. In most of the nations of modern Europe we have created and maintain an esteemed and influential profession, numbering hundreds of thousands of members, whose interest and inclination both point towards war, and who thus constitute an always acting force, urging their countrymen (however unconsciously) to that which, when fairly stated, no one can defend—to be active in aggression, tenacious in dispute, prompt in reprisals, and sensitive to insult. A soldier is a man who, by the inevitable instinct of his profession, incessantly desires and seeks for a state of things which Christianity denounces as sinful, and which reason condemns as noxious and absurd.

Again, that the destruction of the life and property of our fellow-men is a sin, and a grievous sin, *per se*, there can be no question. The position of a soldier imposes upon him the obligation of committing this enormous iniquity to any extent, and upon any parties, at the command of the minister of the day. History tells him—and his own expe-

* “We should do well to translate this word *war* into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and navy estimates, let us set down—so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of civilized society. We shall know by this means what we have paid our money for; whether we have made a good bargain: and whether the account is likely to pass—elsewhere. We must take in, too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself—*pars minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying in the bed of honor—the subject of picture and of song,—but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue; pale, emaciated, crawling to a hospital, with the prospect of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her;—no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings;—the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learned whether he even had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine called a regiment. These are not fancy pictures; if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves.”—*Sins of Government the Sins of the Nation*, p. 400.

* “Memoirs of Francis Horner,” ii., 267.

rience will confirm the teaching—that this minister is often wicked, incapable, and passionate; that he has frequently obtained his power by the vilest means; (by mistresses in France, by corrupt parliamentary majorities in England;) that, in the views which he takes, and the orders which he issues, he is often governed by the basest motives, and the silliest and wickedest counsellors. He may be a shallow and sensual intriguer, like Godoy; he may have objects of personal ambition, like Napoleon; he may be an empty chatterer, like Newcastle; but however unjust the war which he commands, however wild the scheme, however barefaced the aggression, however innocent the victim, however harsh and barbarous the mode in which the enterprise is to be carried through—the soldier has no choice, no power of refusal or evasion; he has bound himself to do the bidding of his superior, however palpably and monstrously iniquitous that bidding may be. He cannot resign; that would be attended with dishonor. He cannot remonstrate; that would be punished as insubordination. In some of the most important actions of life he has ceased to be a free agent, *though he cannot cease to be a responsible agent*; he has parted with his birthright for a mess of pottage: he has, in fact, sold himself into a species of slavery, which often leaves him only the humiliating and torturing alternative of remaining at his post to perpetrate sin and cruelty, or leaving it with dishonor and ruin. And to us it is marvellously strange, and a signal proof of the difficulty and the rarity with which men rise to the contemplation of first principles, that any one of sound judgment and good feelings, who can dig, or plough, or weave, or push his fortune in any of the thousand paths which lie open to the foot of enterprise, should be willing thus to barter away, for so paltry an equivalent, *his right of refusing to do wrong*.

With this digression—if remarks can be so called which so inevitably grow out of the subject we have been considering—we close our imperfect notice of Mr. Alison's interesting work. The period over which it extends is, beyond all others, the most thronged with great events—great in themselves, marvellous in the rapidity with which they succeeded each other, momentous and far reaching in their consequences. No other period could be named so fertile in brilliant pictures for the poet, in suggestions for the speculative philosopher, in lessons of practical wisdom for the statesman. We see the most glorious prospects that ever dawned upon civilized humanity, quenched in the darkest cloud that ever closed over its destinies. We see the overthrow of an ancient tyranny, intolerable from its intense selfishness, more intolerable still from its very dotage and decrepitude—and the birth, out of its ashes, of a wild and shapeless liberty, at once violent and feeble—stained with the ineradicable vice and weakness of its origin, mischievous and transient, because the virtues of freedom can have no firm root among a people vitiated by long centuries of endured oppression. We see the most prolonged and devastating wars ever waged upon the earth ended by a fearful and a fitting retribution; and the most magnificent genius of modern times, within the short space of twenty-five years, a famished ensign in an unpaid army, monarch of the most powerful empire which has existed since the days of Trajan—and, finally, a chained and solitary captive on a barren rock in the remotest pathways of the ocean. In a period thickly strewn with such vicissitudes, there is much

food for wholesome contemplation; and if the nations and the rulers of our times would study its lessons with the solicitous humility which their magnitude and their solemnity demand, we should become rich in that wisdom which grows out of the grave of folly—strong in that virtue which springs out of the recoil from sin. W. R. G.

THE ACCOUCHEMENT.

QUEEN Victoria's fourth child is born. Cannon thunder, bells ring, and people rejoice as in loyalty bound; not perhaps without some genuine satisfaction that an illustrious lady, with whom all the world is proud to claim a sort of bowing acquaintance, is out of trouble. As the race of George the Third's family is gradually disappearing from the scene which it has prominently occupied for the larger half of a century, a new generation is growing up to occupy the vacant stage. The prospect for them has improved, both politically and socially. The bigoted love of war, which was the mania of all kings, is declining in England, and a George the Third's morbid obstinacy is not likely again to be the means of betraying the country to destructive contests. Public opinion is soberer, and it less idolizes and less persecutes kings and princes; who are promised a better regimen as members of the state, much to their own advantage and safety, while as men and women they enter a more rational condition of royal society—less peculiar, less pampered, less open to vicious indulgences, less restrained in all that is the refined but genuine enjoyment of human existence. —*Spectator*.

THE birth of another prince—the Duke of York we may presume to call him by anticipation—has relieved every solicitude as to the personal welfare of Queen Victoria, and has given a new security for the direct succession to the crown.

The queen was "taken ill" soon after five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 6th instant; and her medical attendants, Sir James Clark, Dr. Locock, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Brown, surgeon to the household at Windsor, were summoned at once. About six o'clock, a messenger was sent to Slough, to direct a summons by the electrical telegraph for the cabinet ministers and great officers of state: the messenger arrived at Slough in eight minutes; the dispatch reached Paddington, and was acknowledged, in three more. At twenty-three minutes past eight o'clock arrived the first special train at Slough, having performed the journey of eighteen miles and a quarter in eighteen minutes: it bore the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Delaware, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir James Graham. The next conveyed Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, rather slower, to avoid a collision with the first. The third, with the Duke of Wellington alone, travelled the distance in seventeen minutes and a half, and in eleven minutes more the duke was at the castle; royal carriages having been stationed at Slough to carry on the ministers. All the ministers eventually reached the castle, except the Earl of Liverpool, who by some accident failed to receive his notice. None of them, however, were in time for the actual birth; which took place, without any adverse occurrence, at ten minutes before eight o'clock.

THE Late MINISTERS.—Time and space have not yet been annihilated; Windsor is still out of

town. By a pompous enumeration of precautionary arrangements—railway express-trains and electric telegraphs—an impression had been created that our parturient queen was as near the sages of her council at Windsor as at Pimlico. But

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aje!"

The electric telegraph did its duty, for the intelligence of her Majesty's condition on Tuesday morning was transmitted from Slough to Paddington with the speed of thought; and ministers were dashed along the railway with a velocity of sixty miles in the hour. Yet it is clear that some elements had been omitted in the calculation; for the ministers came too late.

Something perhaps may be placed to the account of her Majesty's ultra-railroad celerity on such occasions. She is favored among women; the primal curse lies lightly on her. And her faithful subjects rejoice, therefore,—albeit with trembling when they think of the cost of a period of such easy childbearing, commenced earlier than that of good Queen Charlotte, and likely, in all human probability, to be protracted as long.

The discomfiture of ministers may be more easily conceived than expressed. The friends of the Duke of Wellington have pretty well exculpated him from the charge of having been surprised at Waterloo; but he has clearly been caught napping on this occasion,—napping as soundly as at the queen's concert, when her sportive Majesty awakened him with a gentle tap of her bouquet. The luckless Bishop of London was as far in the rear of his colleagues as certain of his late speeches give occasion to suspect him of being in arrear of the tolerance of the age; he arrived at Slough in time to return with the late ministers—who are, however, still in office. But the worst case was that of Lord Liverpool, who, master of the household, was absent when the mistress was incapable of managing it. The others were distanced, but he, in the language of the turf, "was nowhere."—*Spectator*.

EGYPT.

THE world has been startled by the announcement of the French telegraph—not the most trustworthy authority, perhaps—that Mehemet Ali has abdicated the pachalic of Egypt, and retired to Mecca. Some suppose that he is stricken religious in his old age, others, that his retirement to Mecca is merely colorable, and that he abdicates living only that he may with his own eyes see the succession duly secured to his son; and newer accounts represent it as some inexplicable act of passion. There is nothing improbable in a mixture of such motives. Old, freespoken, lax remarks to Burekhardt, about his orthodoxy, are quoted to show that the pacha has been a free-thinker; and he has also been a man of robust constitution: but your free-thinker, especially if his scepticism is the result of heedlessness rather than of logical inquiry, is sometimes made more reflective and imaginative by the near approach of death; and none is more troubled and dismayed at the sensations of decaying powers than the robust. It has been reported, not very long ago, in Alexandria, that Mehemet Ali was very unwell, and that he was uneasy at the prediction of an astrologer that he would die at some fixed time, now, we believe, overpassed. He may be moved, drawing near to the region of

the grave, to propitiate the powers at which he scoffed when distant. But the tenacity of the "ruling passion" is proverbial, and all the while he may cast a back regard, and intend from his religious seclusion to keep an eye upon his reigning son. In that case he would doubly emulate Charles the Fifth,—in his retirement, and in his hankering after the relinquished excitements of political power. Nor is he likely to have a more tractable son. If Philip's gloomy fanaticism covered a strong mundane obstinacy, the debauched Ibrahim Pacha is not more likely to study the behests of an eremitical parent. Our chief concern in the matter is the share Egypt is likely to have in any European war. It is said, apocryphally enough, that we have guaranteed the succession by a new treaty: but even if that be true, such a stipulation is "neither here nor there:" if France and England were at war, Egypt is a field that one would occupy, and therefore the other must too, whatever the pretext; and we may remember that, from the time of St. Louis to Napoleon, France has not prospered in Egyptian expeditions,—the six centuries perched up upon the pyramids, did not witness the most complete victories of French arms.—*Spectator*, Aug. 17.

MEHEMET ALI.—It is perhaps premature to be singing requiems over this sturdy chief as if his political existence had closed. The French telegraph may have been fibbing—such things have been; or Mehemet may grow tired of Mecca, and return, a substantial spectre, to scare diplomatists who fancied they had got rid of him.

On the assumption that the news of his retirement is true, the cause of it has been matter for various guesses. It may have been prompted by a religious motive. Let us rate the rationality of the Mahometan schism as we please, the existence of a deep and lively devotional sentiment among Mahometans cannot be denied. A religious tone pervades even the routine forms of society among them: the annals of Islam record quite as many instances of heroes abandoning the world and its concerns, to devote themselves to ascetic discipline and religious contemplation, as those of European chivalry; and Burekhardt's account of his visit to Mecca presents many bursts of sincere devotional feeling, which in persons trained in a Christian land would probably have assumed the form of Methodism or Monachism. Nor must it be imagined that an old hardened warrior and political intriguer like Mehemet Ali is unlikely to be accessible to such relents. The sternest of those natures whose energy and self-control make them masters of others, are often found to conceal, by struggling against, a susceptibility to sentiment and mystical reflection, as much stronger than that of milk-and-water characters as their energies are greater. The suppression of this tendency by strong and reiterated efforts of the will, during the season of busy life, strengthens instead of weakens it—compresses and concentrates its force. And when age has brought weariness of labor, and a sense of the impossibility of early aspirations, this predisposition is very apt, in better natures, to gain the ascendancy. There is a dignity in a veteran giving himself up to such emotions, not to be found in those who whine and cant about them through life: he has done his work, and calmly awaits his dismissal; he indulges on the verge of the grave feelings as fresh and beautiful as those which lent grace to his youthful day-dreams; he at once vin-

dicates the unity of his character and its healthy vigor.

At the same time, he is a sly old fox the Pacha or Ex-Pacha of Egypt. He may not have entire confidence in Ibrahim's power to carry on unassisted the dynasty himself has founded. He may be willing to watch over the first years of his successor's reign and protect him against the consequences of his own blunders. A man of Mehemet Ali's wary and energetic character, possessed of money, (and he will not leave all his treasures behind him,) is sure to make himself of consequence at Mecca; and the moral influence of Mecca throughout Islam is great. So circumstanced, Mehemet Ali will be able to influence the balance between his son and the Sultan. The Divan at Constantinople will not dare to make an unprovoked attack upon the hereditary character of the Pachalic of Egypt while Mehemet Ali lives a powerful man at Mecca—scarcely even to punish rigorously any act of aggression on the part of Ibrahim. It may also be part of the old man's scheme, should Ibrahim prove incapable, to resume the reins of government. There he would be mistaken—politicians who desire to preserve their power must not for a moment quit the public scene: but this is a miscalculation which so many great men have made, that it would not be surprising to find Mehemet Ali falling into it in his turn.

It is not yet the time to expect a fair estimate of the character of Mehemet Ali. There is scarcely a man of the day about whom more nonsense and humbug has been written, both by friend and foe. European adventurers and European tourists have been his only portrait-painters. According as the former had jobs to promote, and the latter had their vanity flattered by attentions, at Constantinople or Cairo, they have represented him as a ruffian rebel or a heroic sage. To all appearance, he was neither one nor the other. Great energy and an aspiring spirit, combined with coolness, self-possession and versatility, he must have been endowed with—his success in life proves that. Bloodthirsty he can scarcely be called, for he does not appear to have shed blood except for ulterior purposes: but he was callous in the extreme, and regardless of human suffering, when he had an object to attain. His intelligence was sufficient to make him aware of his own and his countrymen's inferiority to Europeans, but not sufficient to raise him above the suggestions of every quacking adventurer, who, having failed in Europe, sought Egypt as a field for his impostures. Rulers like Mehemet Ali are not unlike uneducated men in Europe who have picked up a smattering of knowledge late in life. The latter pride themselves more in dealing about scientific phrases after the fashion of a Malaprop, than in the results of their successful industry; and Mehemet Ali appears to have been prouder of the economical and political follies into which his European advisers led him, than of the native genius for command, which enabled him to found a dynasty.—*Spectator*.

that was hoped from the Reform Bill: but the Reform Act changed the component parts, without mending the bad methods of Parliament, which, indeed, acquired fresh bad habits. Then some difference was expected from the peculiar manner and professions with which Sir Robert Peel entered office; but, except in a somewhat larger proportion of practical results as compared with his promises, it is not easy to discern any material difference. Sir Robert has been legislating since 1841; he boasts that the country is in a much better state as to its commerce and social condition,—which is true; but we cannot tell how much of the returning prosperity is the mere alternation of bad and good epochs, which has been seen in the history of the country with such fortuitous regularity. The same agencies exist that produced the distress and dangers of 1841; far larger causes than mismanagement of joint-stock banks were then at work, and those causes remain untouched, to be called into operation again. With all the fruitfulness of the session, what has it done to provide for the additional thousand people that every day in the year adds to the number of those that must be fed? Nothing. Peel's legislation has occurred in a brighter time, but it gives no guarantee that the future may not find us as unprepared for storms as in 1841,—unless the armed Chelsea pensioners are to be accounted adequate provision for such emergency.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL is past. It was not, perhaps, all that everybody hoped, but still a striking and spirit-stirring event. The day, Tuesday last, opened brilliantly. The scene was a field near Ayr, on the banks of "bonnie Doon," and in the very midst of the place where Tam o' Shanter saw such sights. For the main body of diners, a pavilion calculated to accommodate two thousand persons was erected, and ornamented with flags; booths supplied the poorer visitors with refreshments. Early in the day, people flocked from all parts, in steamers, sailing-vessels, steam-carriages—on horseback—afoot. At eleven o'clock, they formed in long procession, at the Low Green, by the sea-side, and, headed by bands playing the airs of Burns' songs, marched to the field; where, led by professional singers, the whole company sang "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne." Bands and bagpipes were then dispersed over the field, and dances were formed; while the pavilion-folks sat down to their banquet. The chief guests were Burns' relatives,—his sons, Robert, lately in the Stamp-office at Somerset House, Colonel Burns, and Major Burns; and his sister, Mrs. Begg, with her son and two daughters. Mrs. Thompson, the "Jessie Lewars" of his verse, was also there, with her husband. The Earl of Eglintoun presided; Professor Wilson was croupier; Mr. Sheriff Alison and some leading Scotchmen were among those who came to render homage due; but of the eminent literary men invited from a distance few attended. The toasts of "The memory of Burns," and "Welcome home to the sons of Burns," were acknowledged in plain and brief speeches, by Mr. Robert Burns; who pleasantly contrasted the modest obscurity of the children with the lustre of the father's fame,—observing that genius, especially political genius, was not hereditary; and that in this case the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha. Before the feasting was over, the day was overcast, and at

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—For a long time past, the "condition of England" has been unsatisfactory, so unsatisfactory, that the management of the nation seemed to need a great change—some new element introduced into its system, to cure its morbid condition by masterly statesmanship. Once

five o'clock the rain fell heavily. The guests parted at six; and each went his way, we doubt not, a wiser but *not* a sadder man.

The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland has been holding its annual meeting, and shows of cattle and implements, at Glasgow, this week. The programme included a meeting, a dinner, an agricultural lecture, and a ball.

Spectator.

DROPPING OFF.—At the Burns Festival, Professor Wilson remarked:—"Of his three sons now sitting here, one only, I believe, can remember his father's face." To a native of the land of Burns these words suggest a train of melancholy associations. They remind him, that he may almost count his years by the persons associated with the memory of Burns who have one by one "dropped off." We could easily frame such a register of the years of our pilgrimage. At the head of a long list of passers-away, would be a venerable figure, almost bent double with age, with long snow-white hair and sightless eye-balls, but an indescribable expression of serene benevolence on his lineaments.

"Dalrymple mild, Dalrymple mild, whose heart's like a child,
And his life like the new-driven snaw."

At some distance would follow John Syme of Ryedale, with his rubicund countenance and innumerable anecdotes: his name shall live in the verse of Burns for "his personal converse and sense," and still more for "his porter, the first in the nation," on which he prided himself till his dying day. "Wealthy young Richard," whose accession to his immense property when he had barely attained the age of manhood, was sung by the man Burns, has left us in a ripe age: the fair valleys of Auchencruive have already passed from his lineal descendants. "Bonnie Jean" has taken her place in the Indian file of the associates of Burns, who, in uninterrupted succession, have paced the dark road to the shadowy world. The dead rush upon us in crowds; the living may easily be counted. On the spur of the moment, we can only recall Jessie Lewars, who smoothed the poet's dying bed, George Thomson, to whose prompting we are indebted for the best songs of Burns, and, if we mistake not, the egregious "Doctor Hornbook." Long may they survive; for, while one is living who has grasped the hand of Burns, he seems still to belong to the category of warm flesh and blood realities: when they also pass away, he will become thin air—an abstraction like Homer or Shakspeare.—*Spectator.*

From the Aberdeen Journal, 1815.

ON SEEING, IN A LIST OF NEW MUSIC, "THE WATERLOO WALTZ."

BY A LADY.

A MOMENT pause, ye British Fair!

While pleasure's phantom ye pursue;

And say, if dance or sprightly air

Suit with the name of Waterloo.

Glorious was the victory!

Chasten'd should the triumph be!

'Midst the laurels she has won,

Britain weeps for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds, the morning rose;

Nature seemed to mourn the day

Which consign'd, before its close,
Thousands to their kindred clay.

How unfit for courtly ball,

Or the giddy festival,

Was the grim and ghastly view,

Ere evening closed on Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing—

First in danger—on the foe,

Till the life-blood, warmly gushing,

Lays the plaided hero low.

His native pipe's accustom'd sound,

Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,

Cannot soothe his last adieu,

Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Crashing o'er the *Cuirassier*,

See the foaming charger flying,

Trampling, in his wild career,

All alike—the dead and dying.

See the bullets, through his side,

Answer'd by the spouting tide:

Helmet, horse and rider, too,

Roll on bloody Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,

Or wake th' enlivening notes of mirth?

Oh! shiver'd be the recreant lyre

That gave the base idea birth!

Other sounds, I ween, were there,

Other music rent the air,

Other *waltz* the warriors knew,

When they closed at Waterloo.

Forbear! till time, with lenient hand,

Has healed the pang of recent sorrow,

And let the picture *distant* stand,

The softening hue of years to borrow.

When our race has pass'd away,

Hands unborn may wake the lay;

And give to joy *alone* the view,

Britain's fame—at Waterloo.

From *Frazer's Magazine*.

WITHOUT a murmur I resign

My fortune to God's hands,

For what my wants are, he than I

Far better understands;

And since he hath preserved me safe,

Throughout my long career,

My spring and eke my summer-time,

To the autumn of my year,

And since he hath of me ta'en heed,

And of my children dear,

When the winter season cometh on,

He'll not withdraw his care.

Oh! no, he'll still my safeguard be,

I truly hope and trust;

But when, at length, my worn-out frame

Must crumble into dust,

And my soul flies away, he will

His goodness once more prove,

And place it in his paradise,

The abode of joy and love.

Now this is why, in my old age,

No sorrow clouds my brow,

No grief comes near me, and no cares

Disturb me here below.

Serenity broods o'er my mind,

For I daily pray to Heaven,

That when the hour of death arrives,

My sins may be forgiven.

No anxious fears disturb my breast,

My days serenely roll;

I tarry till it pleaseth God

To heaven to take my soul.